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*"TOLD
THROUGH
THE
AGES"*

* * *

FAMOUS VOYAGES OF THE
GREAT DISCOVERERS

TOLD THROUGH THE AGES

Legends of Greece and Rome
Favourite Greek Myths
Stories of Robin Hood and his Merry Outlaws
Stories of King Arthur and his Knights
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FAMOUS VOYAGES OF THE GREAT DISCOVERERS

BY
ERIC WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN REID
AND FROM GREAT PAINTINGS



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Preface

THE volume here presented can lay no claim to originality—the author's object has been to retell in simple and direct style the stories of those early explorers whose deeds have won them an abiding place on the roll of fame.

Neither has the subject been treated exhaustively: to have done this would have demanded more space than could be allowed, and although some familiar names may be missing, the author believes that the collection presents a sufficiently comprehensive account of the chief voyages of discovery of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—those ages of enterprise which still cause us to marvel when we reflect upon the masterful courage and perseverance of the mariners whose work opened up the world to us.

The voyages dealt with, and the discoveries chronicled, have in them all the charm and compelling interest of romance. They often read more like scenes from fiction. And, indeed, these voyages *are* scenes in a drama on the stage of the world's history. The characters come before us, not with the perfections of the heroes of fiction, but with many, if not all, of the defects that flesh is heir to: a condition of being which links them indissolubly with men of all time, instead of

lifting them out of the world of men into airy heights from which they and their works would make little appeal to us of to-day. Our heroes and their works are not forgotten ; we have entered into the heritage which their labours have secured to us, and the men themselves live therein. While the world lasts, the story of the exploits of these daring mariners—from Henry of Portugal in his Sagres castle to Raleigh in search of his El Dorado—will be ever welcome to those who can appreciate the great deeds of noble men.

Our ships have changed ; the same journeys can be made in but a small fraction of the time formerly taken ; but the same spirit that prompted these ancient mariners to dare unknown dangers, and brave unsailed seas in frail vessels, is still alive ; and although the discoveries of to-day may not yield such glorious results, yet the world is ever agape for knowledge of new lands—whether they lie north or south—and their discoverers will never lack due honour, whether they be a Nansen, a Scott, a Shackleton, or, last, but not least, a Peary.

A word as to the method adopted in describing these famous voyages : strict chronological order has not been observed, the adventurers of each nation being kept together ; but inasmuch as dates are given, and there are connecting links in the narrative, the historical perspective will not be lost.

The sources from which the author has obtained his information are too numerous to mention in detail—old Hakluyt and Purchas, those unfailing mines of

knowledge, and Washington Irving's "Columbus," have contributed no small share; and the author cannot forbear to mention that learned work by John Fiske, "The Discovery of America," which removes any doubt as to the part played by Vespucci in the work of discovery.

With the wish that his humble attempt to retell these stories may inspire in his young readers a thirst for further knowledge, the author lays his work before them, confident that they will find entertainment as well as instruction herein.

ERIC WOOD

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FEELING THE WAY TO INDIA

Famous Voyages of the Great Discoverers

CHAPTER I

Feeling the Way to New Worlds

THE story of maritime discovery in the middle ages is one of enthralling interest, even to us who live in the twentieth century; for to those bold adventurers, sailing in small vessels into unknown seas, with practically nothing but the stars of heaven to guide them, is due the credit of opening up hitherto unknown worlds.

The differences between the conditions prevailing then and now cannot be over-estimated, and it is all but impossible for us to transport ourselves back in thought to those times when but one quarter of the globe was in any sense known; and when very crude, and, in some cases, even absurd ideas existed regarding the realms into which men had not yet had the hardihood to penetrate. Some of the conjectures of the ancients present a very humorous aspect to us. It was imagined, for example, and very seriously imagined, that the central region of the earth's surface, known as the torrid zone from the circumstance that

it was supposed to lie directly under the sun's track, was so excessively hot as to be uninhabitable and impassable. Thus the theory was held that the only habitable portions were the zones called the temperate, lying immediately to the north and south of the torrid zone, eternally divided from one another by that terrible equatorial inferno. Speculations of this sort were for many centuries a bar to progress: the terrors of the unknown were too great for men; and even Columbus had, at the end of the fifteenth century, to combat and refute this theory regarding the torrid zone, when he proposed his voyage for discovering a sea passage to Cathay.

But while ideas akin to this stood in the way of discovery, men were, on the other hand, not standing still. The Greeks, Phœnicians and Carthaginians carried on voyages of exploration along the shores of the Mediterranean; and by the time the Roman Empire was founded the coasts of the Levant, the Mediterranean shores of Asia and Northern Africa, the Canaries—the latter known to the ancients as the Fortunate Isles—had been discovered, and made places of some commercial value. It was not, however, until the fifteenth century that men became ready to brave the terrors of distant maritime adventure. The fever commenced then with the discovery of Madeira, and the rediscovery of the Canaries (the existence of which had in the meantime been forgotten), and once started no obstacle was great enough to hold back the ardent spirits, who, whether from the desire of riches, or of spreading the Gospel of the Church throughout heathen lands, dared the dangers of the deep, and went forth to roll back the clouds that enveloped the greater part of the globe.

Many different things contributed to fan the en-

thusiasm for discovery into a living flame. Not the least influential of these were stories of mythical islands lying in the midst of the great Atlantic. These stories were traditional, and the strangest of strange ideas existed concerning them. Plato had mentioned a certain island of great extent named Atlantis, situated in the Western ocean, within easy distance of a large continent. This suggests the bare possibility that the ancients had some knowledge of America, but it is very doubtful. The island of Atlantis, so it was said, was engulfed : but in later years a belief in its existence was revived in a somewhat different form ; and the bold, adventurous pioneers had ever in their minds the finding of Antilha, as they called it. It was supposed by them to be about half-way between Europe and the seaboard of Asia, the ultimate goal of their endeavours. It may be well to remark here that the Portuguese proposed to discover Asia by circumnavigating the coasts of Africa, rather than by the voyage across the Atlantic, an idea which was, later on, to be justified. The search for Antilha was for the purpose of establishing what we should regard as a port of call, or a port from which the voyagers could further pursue their attempts to reach the Far East across the Western ocean.

Nor was Antilha the only island that they looked for. The Isle of St Brandan, also supposed to be in the Atlantic, was eagerly sought after. The island was one that existed only in the imaginations of overwrought mariners, who had been led to expect practically anything from the mysterious western ocean. Inhabitants of the Canaries testified to having seen on more than one occasion—always, apparently, in the same place—an island of an unknown distance away,

to which they attached the name of a sixth century Scottish abbot, who had set out to find certain islands in the ocean partaking of the character of an earthly paradise. He found them, and his experiences, as reported, were, to say the least, very peculiar. The rumours of the island seen from the Canaries served to revive the myth, and expedition after expedition was sent out to seek it; but all had the same result. Despite, however, their failure to find the isle, so convinced were the people of its existence that they gave it St Brandan's name, and inserted it in their maps.

The island of the Seven Cities was of a similarly elusive character. An old-time legend told of seven bishops, who, when the Moors conquered and overran Spain and Portugal, fled over the seas, accompanied by a great following. After enduring untold sufferings, they arrived at an unknown island. Landing thereon they built seven cities—one for each bishop—where they continued to abide in constant felicity. As in the cases of the other islands mentioned, pious and adventurous mariners sought after it, but fruitlessly.

These reports of elusive and mysterious islands were one of the chief causes of maritime enterprise. So far, however, there had not been much demand upon the courage of the mariners, for the islands were all supposed to be near at hand. Nevertheless, the voyages undertaken, if fruitless so far as the immediate result was concerned, served an infinitely better purpose; they proved valuable training schools for hardening and fitting the mariners for greater voyages; and each successive expedition ventured further, if but slightly, than its predecessor.

What, however, was it that supplied the spur needed

for serious enterprise? The answer to this question has been already hinted at, and it can be summed up in the one word, "Cathay," as China was then called.

This highly-extolled kingdom had been familiarized to Europeans by the reports of overland travellers. Friars, monks, adventurers of various kinds, had returned with strange stories of wealth and splendour. Thus Rubruquis, a Flemish friar, had, in the thirteenth century, returned from Tartary, telling, amongst other wonderful things, of a province on the other side of Cathay where men never grew old: a tradition, by the way, that lived and was believed in even as late as the sixteenth century.

Other missionaries, making their way to the Court of the Great Kubla Khan of Cathay, had honours of all kinds heaped upon them, and in some cases succeeded in founding Christian communities. Each successive traveller added to the fund of information, already sufficient to excite the dullest imagination.

Marco Polo, and Sir John Mandeville—the former of whom had spent nearly a quarter of a century in the service of Kubla Khan—returned and wrote books in which they described the glories of the Celestial Land. They told of immense cities, and gold-roofed palaces: of the pompous state of its Emperor, and a thousand-and-one wonders which it had been their fortune to see. So magnificent were the stories they told, that they were accused of exaggeration. As for Mandeville, there may have been some amount of justification for the charge, for most absurd and weird were some of the things he told. But in the main their reports have been verified in a marvellous degree. Marco Polo brought back with him tangible evidence of the wealth of the country he described; gold and silver and precious

stones of fabulous value were exhibited to the wondering gaze of his countrymen.

Trade between Cathay and the republics of Genoa and Venice had long been carried on by overland routes. None of the riches of the East entered Europe except through the factories which these people had established throughout the known world. The Venetians and Genoese became rich and powerful, and trade increased, although the means of transport by land were not improved by the rivalry which each entertained for the other. The rivalry ended in war. Genoa was defeated, and Venice for a time had sole possession of the key to the riches of Cathay.

In addition to the stories of Cathay, rumours, extravagant in the extreme, but supported by more than one learned and eloquent advocate, told of an Earthly Paradise. It was firmly believed that somewhere on the earth's surface was to be found the Garden of Eden, and men were all but universally agreed that this Earthly Paradise of their dreams—the land of plenty and of peace, of fair and marvellous beauty—was to be found in the neighbourhood of the great Cathay. Even Columbus, practical as he was, was but the child of his time in this respect; for when, during his third voyage, he discovered the mouth of the River Orinoco on the north coast of South America, he wrote in his journal that he had probably discovered the Paradise of men's thoughts.

Cathay, and its neighbouring Paradise, therefore, was the object of the mariners; thus the quest of the Far East by a westward voyage—or, as others more rightly thought, by circumnavigation of Africa—inspired modern maritime enterprise. America was discovered through the attempt of Columbus to realize the popular

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belief of the times, and he did not dream that the land he had discovered was other than the eastern coasts of Asia, although it is probable that Columbus was in a slight degree influenced by the reports that may have filtered down the ages, of the discovery of a land to the West, made by the dwellers in the north of Europe, whose exploits now call for attention.

About the time that King Alfred was fighting against the Danes for the Kingdom of England, there sailed from the shores of Norway a goodly number of Viking keels.

They carried those semi-barbarous sea-dogs—the “sons of the fiords,” as their name Viking indicates—who ravaged the western shores of Europe. These men established themselves in France, Britain, the Netherlands, the Orkneys, the Faroës and in Iceland.

From their settlement in Iceland, where, in a short time, they had established a flourishing community, having an advanced civilization, literature and trade, the Norsemen in 876 found their way to a land which, because, when the spring came and the ice and snow melted, patches of brilliant green grass were to be seen, they named Greenland. This discovery was due to a storm which drove one of their keels westward from Iceland, the crew having to content themselves with sojourning in Greenland during the winter months. With the return of spring they went back to Iceland, carrying their tale of the new land.

Some years passed, and then in 893, one, Eric the Red, compelled through crime to leave his home, set out for Greenland. Here, on the western shore, he founded his little colony. Eric's success was the cause of a number of other settlements springing up on the bleak shores of the new land. One of the colonists

was a wealthy Icclander named Herjulf, whose son, Biarne, being away when his father sailed, returned to find that Herjulf had departed for Greenland. Biarne knew not the way thither, but he resolved to follow, and after a troublous voyage he arrived at Greenland. During his voyage he had sighted several lands, which desire to find his father had not permitted him to explore.

Although in after years he never sought them again, Biarne told his story, with the result that in the year 1000, Lief, a son of Eric the Red, set out on a voyage of discovery. Lief and his companions sailed to the south, and at last reached a flat, stone-covered land, to which they gave the name of Hellu-land. Sailing thence they sighted more land, this time well wooded: hence the name they gave it Mark-land, or Woodland. Not yet satisfied with what they had done, these sturdy sea-rovers hoisted their sail once more, and running before a north-east wind, in about two days they came to a land fairer than any they had yet seen. They sailed up a river, landed upon its bank, and there built themselves huts. There was plenty of fish, and the land abounded in grape vines: wherefore Lief called it Vinland. In the spring Lief returned to Greenland, where his discoveries caused a stir amongst the colonists. Others now determined to follow in his wake: but no discovery of any importance was made until in 1002 and 1003, Thorwald—Lief's brother—coasting along the shores of Vinland, reached what is now known as Cape Cod. Here, so far as our purpose is concerned, ends the story of the Norsemen in America, except that it may be interesting to note that the Hellu-land of Lief was undoubtedly Labrador and Newfoundland; Mark-land, Novia Scotia, and Vinland the country

round about Boston. Of the fact of these discoveries there seems no doubt: but for some hundreds of years that followed, the story of the Norsemen in America was lost for all practical purposes. Geographically speaking, it had practically no effect upon the ultimate discovery and colonization of America; its only value seems to have been when a stray account of the story reached the ears of Christopher Columbus and John Cabot.

One thing further still calls for mention. Mingled with the selfish and commercial reasons for discovery was, in the case of the earliest voyagers at least, a desire to spread the tidings of their religion. The age of discovery was an age of religious zeal. These men went forth facing hidden terrors both to gain riches and to proclaim the Gospel of the Church, and thereby win adherents to their faith. Unfortunately, as time went on, this higher ideal, which, had it been retained, might have served to obviate many of the terrible things that have to be laid to the charge of the discoverers, was lost sight of—or, what was worse, used as a cloak under which dark deeds were done. These things, however, are happily not our concern; we have to deal only with the good done by these men, who, with all their faults, were but acting according to the light given them.

The age of discovery synchronized with an age of renewed intellectual activity. New worlds of knowledge opened up at the same time as the limits of the unknown world were pushed back. Science and the arts were taking unto themselves new vigour, and towards the end of the period religion freed itself from limiting authority, and with the coming of the Reformation seemed to take on a new lease of life. The passion

for discovery was but one among many signs that told of a rejuvenation of society. Its place in the perspective of history is among the forces that heralded a brighter day, whose sun can never set while men retain the inquiring and fearless spirit.

As has been suggested, modern maritime enterprise commenced in the fifteenth century, and in later chapters will be shown how the clouds were rolled away from the greater part of the earth's surface by men who were endued with the spirit of the times : who, whether they sought for illusory islands, fabled riches, for an open way of commerce with the eastern treasure-house, for new worlds to conquer and subdue, or whether they sought for new spheres of religious service, were alike men of bold spirit and daring enterprise, and all imbued with a patriotism that brought great glory to the land of their birth.

CHAPTER II

Steps on the Way to Cathay

AS has been said in the previous chapter, the kingdom of Cathay was the primary object of the early mariners' search, and to Portugal must be given the credit of being the pioneer of the discovery of the sea passage to the fairy land of infinite riches. Though but a small state, the kingdom of Portugal played no small part in opening up the hidden world to the commerce of Europe. Her mariners were bold, persevering and enthusiastic in everything relating to discovery and conquest. Especially was this so in regard to the discovery of the sea passage to Asia by the circumnavigation of the coasts of Africa.

Tradition told of a voyage round Africa, undertaken by the Phœnicians in the dim past: but men were timid and fearful of venturing into unknown seas. The invention of the mariner's compass, however, gave them new courage, and with an assurance unknown before, the sailors of Portugal hoisted their sails and sallied forth on trackless oceans, revealing new lands and peoples, and preparing the way for commercial routes to the eastern treasure-house.

The man to whom must be given the credit for this enterprise was Prince Henry—upon whom history has bestowed the title of the Navigator. He was born

in 1394, being the third son of John I. of Portugal, by his wife, Philippa of Lancaster, sister of Henry IV. of England. From his boyhood he was attracted to the study of navigation, and when as a young man he took part in an expedition against the Moors at Ceuta, and heard glowing reports as to the wealth of Guinea, a strong passion for adventure was aroused in him. From that time forth, the dominating aim of his life was the exploration of the African coast. With this end in view, he applied himself still more closely to the study of the maritime arts, retiring for this purpose to Sagres, near Cape St Vincent, where his residence developed into a kind of naval college.

Many were the mariners attracted to him by the nobility of his aim, and in 1418 the first fruits of his devotion came in the discovery, by Gonsalves Zarco and Tristram Vaz, of the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira—the latter in reality being then rediscovered; having, so report said, first been found many years before by an Englishman named Machin, its exact locality seeming, however, to have been lost sight of.

Henry colonized these islands, meanwhile continuing to send out his mariners along the African coast. Each voyage saw some further progress made, the discovery of Capes Non, Bojador, Blanco, following in quick succession. Then Rio d' Ouro was reached, then the Senegal Cape Verde; the Canary and Azore Islands were discovered; the former was claimed by Spain on the strength of a former discovery, but the latter has been retained by Portugal ever since.

Thus it came about that when Henry the Navigator died in 1460 much progress had been made along the African coast, and his efforts had inspired the Portuguese mariners with so laudable a desire to carry on his work

that by 1471 the Equator had been crossed, and the King of Portugal had assumed the title of the Lord of Guinea. By 1484 Diego Cam had reached and partly explored the Congo.

But still they were not satisfied! The extreme point of Africa had not been doubled, and the land of rich spices had not been reached.

The former of these two objects was now about to be accomplished, for in 1486 Bartholomew Diaz determined that if the extremity of Africa could be reached, he would reach it. Leaving Portugal, he set sail along the coast of Africa. His determination carried him on, despite the remonstrances of his crew, who were fearful of ploughing seas hitherto unvisited by white men. Heedless of their complaints, Diaz passed far beyond the mouth of the Congo, the limit of Cam's discoveries. He marked his progress by erecting in the most conspicuous places along the coast stone pillars or "padaros," having graven on them the arms of Portugal and the Cross, the symbol of Christianity.

Not yet content with what he had done, and wishing to sail round Africa into the Indian Ocean, Diaz continued boldly on his way. One day a fierce storm drove the ships out to sea. The storm was, as it happened, no unmixed evil, for it blew them, all unknowing, beyond the extreme point of Africa. Eventually Diaz reached what is now known as Algoa Bay, where the crew, seeing the land stretching eastward as far as the eye could reach, refused to continue the voyage. Still unconscious of the fact that he had doubled the Cape, Diaz induced his men to sail for another three days. Then as the direction of the coast did not change, Diaz gave way very reluctantly to the prayers of his men. Turning back he reached Cape

Agulhas, which he had passed unseen in the storm. Following the coastline he next discovered another great promontory, which, from the fact that stormy weather prevailed in its neighbourhood, he named the Cape of Storms. Then it was borne in upon him that he had indeed passed the extreme point of Africa, and that he had stumbled upon the route to Asia. Landing, Diaz set up one of his stone pillars, thus claiming the Cape for the Portuguese, and proclaiming to all who might come after him that he had been the first to discover the sea passage to Asia.

Elated at the thought of his triumphant voyage, Diaz set out for Portugal, carrying with him his great news. He arrived in the Tagus in December 1487. Rejoicings were general, and the king himself commanded Diaz to recount the story of his discovery. When told of the name which had been bestowed on the southern promontory, his majesty, fired with the thought of what was yet to be as the result of so important a discovery, promptly changed it to that of Cape of Good Hope—the name by which it has ever since been known.

“ At Lisbon’s Court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests named the cape.
‘Thou southmost point!’ the joyful king exclaimed,
‘Cape of Good Hope be thou for ever named!’ ”

Thus had been reached the first stage of Henry the Navigator’s ideal, a period of enterprise marked by great valour and daring, and yet marred by many inglorious things, among which may be mentioned the institution of the African slave trade. The Portuguese had found it necessary to repay themselves for the expense and trouble they were put to, and as gold was not so plentiful as they anticipated, and so far nothing

of great commercial value found, they conceived the idea of capturing as many natives as they could, and selling them into slavery. It is perhaps difficult for us to understand how men of such lofty ideals as some of these mariners possessed, could have had anything to do with slave trading. We should remember, however, that behind the aspect of material gain was a spiritual question: the slaves were heathens, and would be converted to Christianity. This, at all events, was a reason given more than once in justification of this traffic in humanity, little as we to-day may credit its sincerity. Alas! men will never lack arguments for that which self-interest or love of gain prompts them to do.

CHAPTER III

How Cathay was Reached

DESPITE the enthusiasm aroused by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, it was not until 1497—just ten years after the return of Diaz—that King Manuel the Fortunate (1495-1521), determined to continue the labours of his predecessors, by despatching an expedition to Asia along the new route which Diaz had discovered.

The expedition, consisting of three small ships, was commanded by Vasco da Gama. The mariners left the Tagus on July 7th, 1497, after they had taken part in religious ceremonies in which the benediction of Heaven upon their enterprise had been asked. Great crowds of people thronged the shore to watch their departure. And well they might, for the undertaking upon which da Gama and his companions were embarked was a greater one in point of distance to be covered than that of Columbus. It was, in fact, the greatest feat of seamanship that had ever been thought of.

Bad weather attended the mariners from the commencement, and very early in the voyage the ships were separated by a storm, to meet again at Cape Verde, whence they set out once more on their voyage, and after four months of baffling with stormy seas, the island of St Helena was reached. They endeavoured to revictual their ships here, but the natives proved

so unfriendly that da Gama had to weigh anchor without having obtained the provisions he needed. Continuing his journey southward, therefore, he at last sighted the Cape of Good Hope, but owing to bad weather he was for two days unable to sail round it. This was a time of great anxiety for da Gama, for his crew, fearful of the storms, came to him, saying, "We beg that you will not devote us to a dreadful death, but will return homewards, seeing that the storms rage so that we cannot pass this awful Cape."

Da Gama's answer was one to be expected from so brave a man: "If God preserve us, we will pass the Cape, and make our way to Cathay, for doing which honour shall be given to us, and wealth awaits us."

But the storm raged yet more fiercely, and the men became more dissatisfied than ever; dissatisfaction, moreover, giving place to conspiracy against their leader's life, and to open mutiny.

By some means da Gama obtained information of the plot, and took immediate action. A few men on his own ship still remained faithful, and with their assistance he managed to quell the mutiny in novel fashion. One by one the dissatisfied men were called down into his cabin to talk matters over, and no sooner had a man put his head inside the door than he was captured by da Gama and his friends, and put in irons. This went on until the whole of the mutineers were prisoners; and then da Gama, short-handed as this left him, persisted in his task of weathering the Cape; and at last his efforts were rewarded, for, on the 22nd of November, he doubled the point, and commenced his voyage along the eastern coast of Africa.

To name all the various places at which da Gama touched would be uninteresting: suffice it to say that

on Christmas Day he discovered Natal—giving it that name in honour of the Nativity—and after having broken up one of his ships continued on his course until on the 10th of March he reached the Mozambique coast, where, but for the fact that he was warned in time by a native pilot he had on board, he might have suffered through the treachery of the natives. Proceeding on his journey, da Gama fell in with a native boat, which was laden with gold and silver. This he captured, taking the crew prisoners. Shortly afterwards they anchored at Melinda, but could not get the natives to communicate with them. Da Gama overcame their reticence by putting one of his prisoners on an island, with a written message to the king. The curiosity of the natives was aroused, and they brought the man off, when, of course, he gave them his message. Eventually da Gama opened up negotiations with the natives here, and landed the rest of his prisoners. The king received him kindly, and gave him a pilot, and on April 24th the voyagers set sail from Melinda for Calicut, in sight of which they anchored on May 20th, 1498. To da Gama, therefore, is due the credit of having at last realized the dreams of the Portuguese mariners, and of having placed Portugal in possession of a direct route to India.

Da Gama's reception on the Malabar Coast was not of the pleasantest. Calicut was the chief town of this part of the coast, where the pepper and ginger that found their way to Europe were grown. Moreover, Calicut was the trading centre of the spice merchants of Ceylon and the Molucca Islands, whose cargoes were conveyed thence by sea and land to Alexandria for shipment to Europe. This trade was in the hands of the Arabs, to whom the advent of Portugal was

anything but pleasing. Therefore when da Gama obtained permission to trade, they managed by misrepresenting the reason for his coming, to induce the Zamorin, or native chief, to take da Gama and a number of his men prisoners. Undoubtedly they considered that if at the outset they made it impossible for da Gama to trade, Portugal would cease to trouble them as a rival. They reckoned without their host. Da Gama escaped, and by way of retaliation made prisoners some Hindoos, and eventually the Zamorin released the mariners; da Gama, however, only set free half of his prisoners, probably retaining the others as a safeguard against further treachery.

Friendly relations being at last established, da Gama proceeded to trade for the spices and riches of Asia, and he was successful in obtaining large and valuable cargoes. Then, on September 29th, 1498, he set sail for Lisbon, where he arrived in September 1499. He was welcomed with great rejoicings: the whole kingdom joined in celebrating the greatest feat of seamanship that had ever been performed.

The way to India having been opened, it was deemed advisable to impress the natives with the power and might of Portugal, as this would probably aid in the establishment of permanent commercial relations. Accordingly in 1450 Pedro Alvarez Cabral sailed as commander of a large expedition, comprised of thirteen ships, armed with formidable artillery. One drawback da Gama had laboured under was the lack of suitable presents for the Zamorin: care was now taken to provide Cabral with these requisites.

For some reason, after passing the Cape Verde Islands, Cabral sailed westward, and on April 22nd discovered Vera Cruz—or Brazil. In this discovery Cabral had

the same year been anticipated by Vincente Yanez Pinzon, who discovered it for Spain, although at the time Cabral was unaware of the fact. As the land lay within the sphere assigned to the Portuguese by the Pope, Spain had to waive her claim to Brazil, and Portugal retained her hold on it. Elated at his fortune, Cabral took possession of the country in the name of the King of Portugal, and after despatching a vessel to Europe with the glad news, he himself and the remainder of his fleet turned on their way to India.

At the Cape of Good Hope the mariners were met by a terrible storm—seemingly the Portuguese never passed the Cape without meeting a storm. So fiercely did it rage on this occasion that some of the ships foundered with all hands. On board one of these was Bartholomew Diaz, the very man who had first sailed round the Cape. Cabral lost four vessels in this storm.

Although saddened at the disaster, and weighed down by the irony of fate that had called away Diaz on the very scene of his great achievement, Cabral pressed on to Melinda, where he effected a treaty with its king. Sailing thence for Calicut he cast anchor in the harbour on the 13th of September.

Cabral gave his presents to the king, and after some negotiations secured permission to establish a trading factory at Calicut, under the charge of one, Ayres Correa. Thus was effected the first establishment of the Portuguese as a factor in the commerce of the East. The Moors, however, still resented the intrusion of the Portuguese, and they intrigued with the Zamorin, with the result that Correa, together with a number of his companions, was killed.

Cabral did not leave his death unavenged, and after having taught the murderers a summary lesson, he de-

parted from Calicut and made his way to Cochin. The King of Cochin was the enemy of the Zamorin, and hearing of the feud between the Portuguese and his enemy, gladly welcomed the white men to his kingdom. A treaty of commercial importance was entered into, and then Cabral, with his ships laden down with the riches of the East, set sail for Portugal.

It is on record that, through various misfortunes, Cabral arrived at Lisbon with only three out of the thirteen ships with which he had set out. Yet the results seemed worth the sacrifice ; the cargoes brought back were of great value, and Portugal had established herself—though but precariously as yet—on the Malabar coast.

Thus had been realized the dream of Henry the Navigator—the extremity of Africa had been doubled, the way to India opened, and commercial relations entered into, and Portugal had taken her place as a rival of Genoa for the traffic of the East. There is much that could be told of the Portuguese settlements in India, but that does not come within the scope of this account. We need only say, shortly, that factories and fortresses were built on the coast, and under Alfonso de Albuquerque as governor, the various establishments flourished to an amazing extent. As a result of further explorations Ceylon was discovered ; the coasts of Persia and Arabia and Madagascar were visited, and at last, in 1510, Albuquerque attacked and conquered Goa, where he succeeded in establishing a municipal government. His conduct of affairs made Goa, eventually, the most important city among the Portuguese possessions. It became, indeed, the emporium of the East from which navigators and ambassadors were despatched along the Indian coast to China, and various islands—

including the Moluccas—were discovered. Before he died in 1516, Albuquerque succeeded in obtaining for Portugal a secure footing in Asia. Altogether his achievement was a magnificent one, revealing a mind able to conceive great imperial ideas and the possession of power to carry them into effect.

Looked at as a whole, the work of the Portuguese navigators, extending as it did over the comparatively short period of about a hundred years, was more than remarkable; it was wonderful in its extent, and overwhelming in its importance and bearing upon the commercial relations of Europe and Asia. Portugal, from being an almost obscure kingdom, blossomed forth through the energies of her navigators into a world-wide empire, having the command of the Asiatic traffic by way of the sea. Any praise of these daring mariners is superfluous; their work is its own testimony, and in the centuries that have followed their labours we can point to no period of like length, that shows so much achievement of a similar kind. The century in which they lived and laboured, and the men themselves, stand out in history as a great landmark, and from *then* dates the time when the world, in any really important sense, began to be known, and to these bold, brave, hardy and enthusiastic Portuguese, the credit for it is to be given.

At last he heard of an island which the natives called Cuba, and from the accounts of the Indians concluded it must be Cipango (Japan), the island lying off the coast of Cathay, which abounded in gold and precious stones.

Cuba was reached at the end of October, and possession taken of it in the name of the Spanish King.

The beauties and splendour of Cuba at first confirmed Columbus in his opinion that this was Cipango : acting upon this belief he coasted the shores, ever enquiring for the gold upon which all had set their hearts. At the first appearance of the mariners, the natives fled in alarm, but apparently satisfied that the strangers meant them no harm, they presently approached the company and quickly became friendly. Entering into communication with them by means of signs, Columbus rightly gathered that the land was indeed Cuba ; but as a result of the unsatisfactory medium of communication, he deceived himself into thinking that it was really Asia itself, and proceeded to endeavour to satisfy himself on this point. But after having explored the island and sent ambassadors to seek for the great Khan of Cathay—without success, of course—Columbus gave it up as a hopeless task and set sail eastward for the discovery of other islands. The rough seas compelled him to anchor in a harbour which he called Puerto Del Principe on one of the islands of an archipelago. At this point Columbus was deserted by the *Pinta*, which was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who had been a moving spirit in the adventure and whom Columbus supposed had now decided to continue the voyage independently. After waiting in vain for his lieutenant to return, Columbus put to sea again, and on the 6th of December sighted a large and beautiful island.

The mariners coasted the shores for some days, and as

Columbus fancied that he saw a similarity between the island and Spain, he gave it the name of Hispaniola. On the 12th of December the solemn ceremony of taking possession was enacted once more. The natives, after the first overtures, received the visitors kindly, and, what was more to the liking of the mariners, some of the islanders who possessed ornaments of gold parted with them for the merest trifles.

The mariners touched at different points and were always received by the natives in a friendly and confiding manner ; they continued to see signs and hear news of much wealth in the island.

A great misfortune now befell Columbus. Owing to negligence his ship, the *Santa Maria*, was wrecked, and it was only after a narrow escape that he and his crew succeeded in getting aboard the *Nina*. The disaster took place in the night, and in the morning the natives assisted the crews to unload the wrecked ship, which had not yet gone to pieces.

This disaster weighed heavily upon the mind of Columbus ; but his spirits were revived shortly after by hearing of a region lying inland where much gold was to be found—information which was later on verified, for the place indeed was found to contain rich gold mines ; but of this more anon.

Columbus now began to think of returning to Spain to report upon his great discovery ; but in view of what he had learned of the wealth of the island, he determined to leave a number of his men behind for the purpose of forming a colony. The men he selected, about forty in all, were in no way averse to the plan, the friendliness of the natives, and the pleasant life apparently in store for them, being more attractive than the long sea voyage to Spain. Their work was to learn the language

of the people : to trade with them for gold, and explore the island for the gold mines and whatever other natural wealth it might contain. A fort for their protection, in case of emergency, was built, and the name of La Navidad given to it.

This done, Columbus embarked on his remaining vessel, the *Nina*, and on 4th January 1493 set sail from La Navidad, steering eastward along the island. In a few days he fell in with Pinzon, who, it appears, had deliberately left Columbus that he might be the first to discover the land of gold. Columbus, not wishing to cause more friction than necessary, mastered his indignation at the treachery, and the two vessels joined forces and started on the homeward journey. On the 14th of February they encountered a terrible storm, which separated them, and threatened to overwhelm the *Nina*. On the next day, however, the storm abated, and on the 17th of February they came up to the island of St Mary's, one of the Azores, where Columbus refitted and revictualled. While here he experienced difficulty—not to say danger—from the Portuguese, to whom the Azores belonged, because of their jealousy of his achievement. Surmounting the difficulties and escaping the danger, Columbus, on the 24th of February, left the Azores, but encountering another storm, was unable to make direct for Spain, and the ship was driven into the mouth of the Tagus. There was irony in the fact that the Portuguese should be the first to hear of the success of the voyage, the results of which would have been gained for Portugal had not the King rejected the overtures of Columbus. Permission was obtained to land at Lisbon, and Columbus was granted an audience with the King, who was anxious to hear his story from his own mouth. The jealousy of the

Portuguese was so great, that many of the courtiers favoured the assassination of Columbus, but the King, despite his mortification, withstood such suggestions, and allowed Columbus to depart in peace, which he did, arriving at Palos on the 15th of March, less than eight months after his departure on the hazardous voyage which had proved to be fraught with such tremendous issues.

Columbus was received with jubilation; the very men who had placed difficulties in his way welcomed him back joyfully. The mariners, accompanied by a great concourse of people, made their way to the church, to render thanksgiving to God for the success of their enterprise and for having brought them back safely through so many dangers.

When this was done Columbus despatched a letter to the court at Barcelona, announcing his success and return. No time was lost in bringing Columbus to Barcelona. If his welcome at Palos had been hearty, nothing could exceed the brilliancy of his reception at the court. Columbus, followed by a multitude of people, all acclaiming and admiring the brave mariner, presented himself before the King and Queen, who rose from their thrones to receive him, and listened, as well as their interest and excitement would allow, while he narrated the story of his discoveries. Some of the natives he had carried home with him were exhibited, as were also the various gold ornaments, and other trophies which he had brought as evidences of the richness of the new lands; and after his recital the rewards promised him were bestowed, and for some time Columbus was the idol of the court and country.

Thus ended what was probably the most momentous voyage ever undertaken, a voyage, too, ventured upon

with the avowed object of finding a new way to a *known* part of the world, but which resulted in the discovery of entirely *new* lands. Columbus and his contemporaries were quite convinced that the islands he had discovered formed part of the islands lying off the mainland of Asia, and he still cherished the hope of eventually reaching the mainland itself by the Western route.

CHAPTER VII

The Second Voyage of Columbus

AS was usual in the case of newly-discovered land, Ferdinand applied to the Pope for a Bull confirming him in the possession of the land Columbus had discovered. A Bull of partition was given, which granted to him all the land that the Spanish had discovered and might yet discover west of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands, while all discovered eastward was to belong to the Portuguese.

Now that Ferdinand had received practical proof that Columbus was no mere dreamer, he became an enthusiastic supporter of the discoverer, and in 1493 preparations were made for a second expedition. The arrangements were hurried along, because of the jealousy of the King of Portugal, who, now that he realized what he had missed, began to contrive ways and means of gaining the lost ground. Negotiations—none too honourable on either side—were entered into between Spain and Portugal, but with these we need not concern ourselves. The rivalry aroused was sufficient to induce the Spanish sovereigns to put pressure upon Columbus to embark upon his second voyage. He was only too anxious and willing to depart, quite irrespective of the wishes of the sovereigns.

There was a remarkable contrast between the projected expedition and that which had sailed from Palos in

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1492; then there were but three small vessels; now Columbus had at his disposal a fleet of seventeen, large and small, with a full complement of hands, and all kinds of handicraftsmen with whom it was intended to colonize the new country. Cattle and domestic animals of various kinds, plants, seeds, etc., were taken for cultivating the land, and ample provision was made for the comfort and safety of all the mariners and settlers.

Another point of contrast may be mentioned: for his first voyage Columbus had to press men into his service, whereas, now, men of high degree volunteered—nay, rather besought permission—to sail with him to the New World, which, for old and young, high and low, was surrounded by a halo of glory. The stories that Columbus and his voyagers had told of the riches and beauties of the lands they had discovered—exaggerated, no doubt, by the enthusiasm of the mariners and the novelty of the experience—had served to excite men's minds to a remarkable extent. Men stayed not to think soberly and calmly, but rushed to lay their services at his disposal.

On 25th September 1493 Columbus and his fleet were ready to depart. The port of departure on this occasion was Cadiz, and the harbour was the scene of an enthusiastic send-off to the hardy navigators, whom they that remained behind regarded enviously.

On this voyage Columbus did not follow exactly the same course as before, but went further southward, trusting to discover some of the other islands to which the natives had referred as the islands of gold.

After about a fortnight's sailing, Columbus, on the 2nd of November, believed that he saw signs of the proximity of land. The colour of the sea, and the

nature of the winds and waves, seemed to his practised eye to betoken land, and, as on his previous voyage, he had the ships brought to, and issued orders that careful watches were to be kept during the night. Events proved him correct, for, with the dawn, an island was sighted to which Columbus gave the name of Dominica, in consequence of it having been descried on Sunday. The jubilation and thanksgiving of the mariners were increased, as the morning wore on, by the sight of other islands.

Columbus had, in fact, discovered the group of islands now called the Lesser Antilles, off the northern coast of South America, which, as it were, cut off the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic Ocean. Dominica afforded no safe anchorage, and Columbus, after touching at an island which he named Marigalante, reached another which he named Guadaloupe, where, having performed the usual ceremony of taking possession, Columbus paid a visit to a native village. So fearful were the natives, that at the sight of the Spaniards they immediately fled, leaving their children behind. No enticements of the Spaniards could induce them to return, and the mariners, wishing to leave a good impression behind, pacified the deserted children with trinkets of various kinds. No doubt the grown-ups, on their return, were equally excited over these.

Inspection of the village revealed to the explorers many strange new sights and scenes; they were especially attracted by the bows and arrows, parrots, and pine-apples. The last-named were quite novel, and the Spaniards were highly pleased with the strange but luscious fruit. Less pleasing was the sight of human bones and skulls, which suggested that the natives were cannibals. Any doubts on the subject were dispelled

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later, when, having landed at another village, some women and a boy were captured, from whom Columbus extracted information—by signs—which confirmed the uneasy suspicion as to the character of the islanders.

To make matters worse, a party, under Diego Marque, which had landed without permission, failed to return in the evening, and when the next day came and they were still absent, Columbus, anxious for their welfare, sent out search parties, all of whom returned without news of the missing men.

It seemed that none but the women were on the island, the men being absent on a foray for prisoners. This information was gathered from women—prisoners from another island—who came on board beseeching to be taken off the island.

Columbus was reluctant to leave the missing men, and Don Alonzo de Ojeda, a young and gallant nobleman who had begged to be allowed to accompany Columbus, came forward as a volunteer to search the whole island.

With forty men he set out on his venture, and Columbus occupied the time he was away in taking in water, etc. Although for some considerable time Ojeda bravely dared the unknown dangers of the forests with which the interior of the island was covered, he was at last compelled to return without news of the lost men. Columbus, anxious to continue his journey to Hispaniola, was now of a mind to depart, satisfied that everything possible had been done. Anchors were weighed, therefore, and the ships were on the point of sailing away, when the wanderers were seen on shore signalling to the ships. Overjoyed at their return, Columbus took them aboard, and learnt that they had lost their way in the forest. They had nothing to guide them, not even the stars, which were hidden from their view by the great

wide-spreading trees; and to make matters worse, they feared that Columbus would have to leave them to their fate—which, indeed, he was about to do when they fortunately appeared on the scene.

Columbus now proceeded on his way, and cruised among the Caribbean islands, giving names to those that he sighted. On 14th November he reached an island which he named Santa Cruz, where, having landed, he captured some women and boys, and came into conflict with others of the tribe. One of the boats met a canoe rowed by men and women. The natives, both men and women, with great ferocity resisted the Spaniards' attempt to capture them but were eventually overpowered.

Proceeding on his way, Columbus discovered and named still more islands, until, considering that he had spent time enough in exploring the Caribbean Sea, and having added so much new territory to the Spanish Empire, he shaped his course for Hispaniola, in sight of which he arrived on 22nd November. The joyous feelings of anticipation with which the mariners viewed Hispaniola received a sudden check, for, on landing, some of the men discovered several dead bodies, one of which, at least, was that of a white man.

The worst fears of Columbus were soon to be realized. Arriving at La Navidad in the evening of the 25th he caused a salute to be fired; no answering salute followed. Something had happened; all were sure of that. The long hours of the night passed, and with the break of day Columbus landed his men. Not a sign of a Spaniard was to be seen, and only a native here and there, lurking among the trees.

The fortress which Columbus had had built was no more—it had been burnt to the ground. The village

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of the friendly chief was also destroyed and everything was in confusion, while the treasure he had fondly hoped the settlers would have collected by this time was nowhere in evidence. The only trace of their friends was a number of graves.

The natives had a woeful story to tell, the only consoling part to Columbus being that, so far from having been the cause of the disaster that had befallen the settlers, they had been sufferers from it. Columbus gathered that the fate which had overtaken the Spaniards was to a very large extent the result of their own actions—their immoral characters, their commercial injustice, foolish cupidity and wrongful ambitions, had all contributed to bring about their tragic end. A neighbouring chief had taken advantage of the unreadiness and disorganization and internal diversions of the Spaniards, and had unexpectedly come down upon them, demolished the fort, and destroyed its occupants.

Needless to say, this tale of woe cast a gloom over the whole fleet.

CHAPTER VIII

Revisiting Cuba

ALTHOUGH our concern is with the voyages and discoveries of Columbus rather than with his administration of the colonies which he founded, and his intercourse with the natives, a short account in passing of some outstanding incidents may prove interesting.

The tragic ending of the colony at La Navidad unsettled the mariners, and they decided to look further afield for a site upon which to found a new city; for despite the horrors he had recently heard of, Columbus did not intend to abandon the idea of colonizing the island, and searching for the gold he firmly believed was to be found in abundance.

Weighing anchor, therefore, the fleet coasted the island until it reached what Columbus deemed a suitable spot upon which to build a city—for his idea now was not to erect simply a fort, but to establish a town of respectable dimensions.

While the town—to which he gave the name of Isabella, in honour of his royal patroness—was a-building, Columbus despatched Alonzo de Ojeda into the interior, with the idea of finding the gold mines which the natives were ever referring to.

After some days of travelling, Ojeda and his band of explorers came upon a native village. Here they

were rejoiced to see many evidences of the gold they sought: the river beds seemed full of it; and, after collecting what he thought was enough to satisfy Columbus that there was wealth sufficient to justify the settlement of the islands, Ojeda returned with his news.

Columbus now sent home to Spain a report, in which he dwelt at length on the natural wealth of Hispaniola and of the prospects he had of being able to send home riches in plenty.

Shortly afterwards Columbus himself departed into the interior and visited the gold country. Pleased with what he saw, and satisfied of the truth of Ojeda's report, he erected a fort and then returned to Isabella.

Columbus now embarked on his ships, intending to revisit Cuba. He was uncertain whether it was part of a continent, or only an island, and he desired to settle his doubt.

The voyage occupied only a few days, and after some parleying they managed to make friends with the natives. Here Columbus was told again the oft-repeated story of an island lying to the southward abounding in gold. This story never failed to arouse the cupidity of the mariners, and forthwith, instead of coasting Cuba, they set out in the direction indicated by the natives. This was early in May 1494, and the deviation from their original course resulted in the discovery of the island of Jamaica. Columbus gave it the name of Santiago.

The natives proved friendly, but the gold he sought was not found, and Columbus decided to return to Cuba and complete the work of investigation he had begun. He considered it most important to prove whether Cuba was a continent or not. His voyage across the Atlantic had been undertaken in the firm belief that he would

come to Asia, the treasure-house of the world, and he felt positive that this land, with such a vast length of coast-line, must prove to be the extremity of Asia.

After coasting for a long time and finding that the land still ran in the same direction, Columbus and his companions were confirmed in the opinion that Cuba was part of the continent, and the ships beginning to get unseaworthy, they terminated their quest. This, when a few more leagues would have dispelled the delusion ! But the fates are sometimes unkind, and Columbus, the great pioneer of the discoveries in the New World, lived and died under the impression that in the discovery of Cuba he had found a continent !

In this conviction, therefore, the mariners set sail for Hispaniola, discovering on the way an island which they named Evangelista (called later the Isle of Pines), and also coasting along Jamacia. Wherever they anchored the natives received them kindly, and several expressed a wish to be taken away by Columbus.

After much delay, caused by stormy weather, the ships reached Hispaniola. The excitement of discoveries during the past weeks had proved too much for Columbus, and when he arrived at Isabella he was almost a physical wreck.

CHAPTER IX

Trouble in Hispaniola

THE return of Columbus to Isabella was opportune, for during his absence things seemed to have gone all awry. The official, Pedro Margarite, whom he had left there in charge had, instead of conciliating the natives, treated them shamefully, and by his bad conduct and that of his men had incurred the enmity of the various chiefs. Columbus, naturally, was very severe in his condemnation of Margarite, who shortly afterwards departed for Spain, taking with him other disaffected men, with intent to complain to the King of the tyrannical rule of Columbus, without, however, any real cause for so doing. Columbus, ill though he was, took the reins of government into his own hands and despatched Ojeda to pacify or resist the enemy. The expedition was not successful in the former object, but Ojeda managed to capture the most warlike chief by a ruse. Exhibiting some bright manacles, he informed the chief that these were insignias of high and honourable office in Spain. The native was dazzled by the strange ornaments, and permitted them to be fastened upon him, when, of course, he became an easy prey, and was kept in chains by his captors.

The island was at last subdued, and taxes of gold, cotton, and other natural wealth were imposed upon the natives. The long time required to re-organize affairs

resulted in Columbus being unable to despatch to Spain the gold he had so enthusiastically promised in his last report. Thus, when some vessels arrived from Spain, Columbus, wishing to repay the cost of his voyages, despatched some hundreds of natives, with a suggestion that they might be sold as slaves—a course which it is sorrowful to find was adopted by a man of such lofty ideals as Columbus. Queen Isabella, however, returned the Indians to their native lands.

What Columbus had done was not sufficient to dispel the doubts aroused in the minds of the sovereigns by the complaints of Margarite and others who had returned from Hispaniola. An officer, Juan Aquado by name, was sent out to inquire into the condition of things. So overbearing was he, and the news that reached Hispaniola told of so much misrepresentation at court, that Columbus determined to return to Spain to refute the various accusations made against him.

By great good luck news was brought to him of the discovery of rich gold mines in the interior. This discovery no doubt materially assisted him in overcoming the designs of his enemies. He reached Spain in 1496, and the following year was granted a renewal of his powers and additional honours.

CHAPTER X

The Third Voyage of Columbus

AFTER numerous delays caused by the political affairs of the kingdom, and by the interference of his enemies, Columbus in 1498 was allowed to depart once more, this time with six vessels. Arrived at the Canaries, Columbus sent three of his ships direct to Hispaniola, while he himself, with the other three vessels, shaped his course more to the south, in the hope of discovering further lands before making their way to Hispaniola.

It was on this, his third voyage, that Columbus was first to sight and land on the continent of the New World. Hitherto he had only cruised among the islands that lay off the mainland, and although to him is due the credit of having been the first to hazard the voyage to the West, he was not the first, as will be seen in a later chapter, to reach the mainland itself. His imagination saw in everything signs of the Cathay of which he had come in search, and had he not been persuaded in his mind that Cuba was part of the continent of Asia, there is but little doubt that he would have discovered the mainland of America upon his earlier voyages.

It was after some weeks of sailing that Columbus sighted land. It appears that he had decided upon giving the name of the Holy Trinity to the first new land which he might discover on this voyage. By a strange coincidence

the first land sighted consisted of three mountain peaks, and to this Columbus accordingly gave the name of Trinidad.

The mainland of South America was visible from here, and as Columbus thought this was an island, he gave it the name of Isla Santa (or Holy Island).

The mariners now started to coast Trinidad, in the course of which some natives put off from the mainland, gazing in amazement at the strange vessels. The natives were of lighter colour than any that the Spaniards had yet discovered, a fact which caused much amazement to the mariners, seeing that the country was so near the equator. Columbus and his men did all they could to get the savages to come on board, but failed, until Columbus hit upon an expedient which he felt sure would draw them. He set his band a-playing and his men a-dancing; but the effect produced was opposite to that desired, for the natives sent a shower of arrows aboard! This warlike behaviour was answered by the Spaniards to such effect that the natives fled.

For several days they cruised between Trinidad and the mainland, the strait between which he named the Serpent's Mouth, naming capes and seeking for inhabitants. The natives appear to have been fearful, for none would of their own free will enter the strange ships, and it was only by cunning that Columbus managed to get one or two on board. When a native canoe came near enough, some of the Spaniards jumped into it and upset it, and then succeeded in capturing the natives who had been overturned into the sea. They were kindly treated, loaded with trinkets and then put ashore, with the result that their friends soon came out to the ships, hoping, no doubt, to receive similar gifts. From them Columbus learnt that their country was called

Paria, and many were willing to lend their services as guides.

Continuing to coast along the Gulf of Paria the mariners fell in with many natives. They proved hospitable enough, and during their intercourse with them the Spaniards were gratified by the sight of gold and pearls, which the natives possessed in great abundance. The mariners coasted the land seeking for pearl fisheries; but meeting adverse and dangerous currents they were compelled to retrace their course. The course they had been taking led away from the fisheries, and on their returning and proceeding in the opposite direction the sailors discovered several small islands, where natives were espied fishing for pearls, of which many fine specimens were obtained.

Columbus during all this time was in the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Orinoco river, and the large amount of fresh water which was continually pouring into the sea led him to doubt whether the land from which it came was after all only an island, as he had hitherto supposed it to be. Moreover, he imagined that if this were the continent, then from the beauty and fruitfulness of it, the Earthly Paradise must be situated thereon—a theory which would make strong appeal to the enthusiasm of a seer such as Columbus. Still pursuing his course, he discovered Tobago and Grenada, and then followed the Pearl coast until he reached the islands of Margarita and Cubagua. He was, however, unable to verify his suspicions, as owing to a disease attacking his eyes he was compelled to set sail for Hispaniola, where he arrived on the 19th of August 1498. Later speculations of Columbus confirmed him in the opinion that Paria was indeed a continent,—not Asia, but a new land where men had never penetrated.

The administration of the island during his absence had been entrusted by Columbus to his brother Bartholomew, and with this we have nothing to do except to say that the old town of Isabella proving unhealthy, Bartholomew commenced the building of a new seaport to which was given the name of New Isabella, to be changed later to San Domingo, a name which it still retains. He also subdued the natives and levied the tribute which had been imposed upon them. He was, however, unable to put down a rebellion of the Spaniards, and when Columbus, worn out with much labour, returned to Hispaniola he had before him the task of quelling this rebellion, a work which by lenient treatment he succeeded in doing, although not until some two years had elapsed.

Columbus in addition to his other trouble had to cope with the jealous complaints preferred against him at court by his enemies, and his action in sending home native captives and slaves—in direct opposition to the wishes of Queen Isabella—served to add point to these complaints. In 1500 a new Governor-General, Francisco de Bobadilla, was sent out, and the brave old mariner, harassed and hampered by those who should have helped him, found himself superseded in the government of the lands he had discovered after many years of waiting, and much agony of labour.

Bobadilla acted in a high-handed manner, summoning Columbus and his brothers before him, and, taking the witness of prejudiced colonists, heaped upon Columbus and his brothers the indignity of sending them home to Spain in chains! It is said that the captain of the ship in which, as a prisoner, he sailed to Spain would have had the fetters removed, but Columbus refused to be released until he had had a chance of justifying himself;

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adding, "When once they are off I shall keep them for the rest of my life as a testimony of the reward meted out to me."

How different was the return of Columbus from that of 1492. Then he returned with great pomp: now he was in irons! But Spain, from peasant to prince, revolted at the cruel and unjust treatment by an arrogant and incapable official. Columbus was returned to royal favour and acquitted of all the charges which Bobadilla and others of his enemies had brought against him, although he was not reinstated in the office of which he had been deprived.

Bobadilla's administration was of such a character that he was recalled, and Nicholas de Ovando appointed in his place. Fate seems to have decreed that the men who were to succeed Columbus should in so many respects prove incapable, for the history of Hispaniola under the Spaniards was henceforth one of habitual cruelty and oppression; humane treatment of the natives gave way to all manner of license. The thirst for gold was paramount; much gold was shipped to Spain, but the natives whose lot it was to work the mines, died in their thousands under the cruel lash of the taskmaster.

Space, however, does not permit us to dwell upon the woes of these poor natives, nor to detail the wealth which Spain was now beginning to draw from their labours. We must return to Columbus, who, now that he was in favour once again, was planning his fourth and last voyage of discovery.

CHAPTER XI

The Fourth Voyage of Columbus

COLUMBUS was now busily occupied in making actual preparations to continue his quest for new lands beyond any point he had previously reached. To him Cuba was the eastern shore of the continent of Asia, while Paria was a new continent altogether; and what he purposed doing in this, his fourth and last voyage, was to find a strait which he believed ran between the two continents. Never once during his career had he wavered in his belief that ultimately he would reach India, and now in real earnest he was about to set out to achieve the object of a lifetime's work. The discovery by Portugal, through the voyage of Da Gama, of the ocean route to India, by which she was even now drawing to herself the immense riches of the Far East, served to urge Columbus on to achieve a similar triumph for Spain—his adopted country. In his project he succeeded once again in enlisting the sympathy and help of Ferdinand and Isabella, who foresaw the value to Spain of such an achievement.

All things being ready, on 9th May 1502 Columbus set sail from Cadiz, having under his command four very small vessels, carrying all told about one hundred and fifty men, among whom were his brother Bartholomew and his son Ferdinand.

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The succession of unpleasant events in Hispaniola had induced the sovereigns to command Columbus not to call there, but after touching at the Canaries, and then later on at Dominica, the condition of his ships urged him to make for Hispaniola contrary to royal command. He was refused permission to anchor, the new governor, Ovando, having apparently been instructed to adopt this course.

A fleet of about thirty ships, laden with a great store of gold, which the wretched natives had been compelled to furnish for the Spanish coffers, was about to set sail for Spain. Bobadilla was on board one of the ships, and on another was a large quantity of gold, Columbus's share of the profits. Columbus advised that the homeward bound squadron should remain in harbour for a short time longer, as his practised eye had seen signs of an impending hurricane; and he entreated that in view of this he might also be allowed to anchor within the shelter of the harbour. His request was again refused, and his advice unheeded. For himself, he found shelter in a small cove; but the treasure fleet encountered the full fury of the predicted storm, and over twenty ships went down, while several others were flung back to San Domingo; only one ship—that carrying Columbus's gold—succeeded in reaching Spain. Thus do the Fates seem to favour those whom men frown upon!

After the hurricane had spent its fury, Columbus resumed his voyage, and at the end of July reached the group of islands which lay off the coast of Honduras. He now began to seek for his imagined strait, and started to sail eastward. Had he but followed the indications of the natives whom he met, he would have reached Yucatan and Mexico, but, as on previous occasions,

the rooted idea that he would find India dominated his plans.

Beating along the coast, meeting troublesome seas and stormy weather, the squadron reached Honduras. From this point until 14th September the elements were against them and the crew were fearful for their lives. To make matters worse Columbus was ill, often-times fearing that death was near at hand. The voyagers seemed dogged by fate; they could scarce make headway, the natives could not be induced to be friendly, no gold or precious stones were to be found, and the mariners began to murmur against Columbus.

At last they reached a larger promontory to which they gave the name of Cape Gracias a Dios, or "Thanks be to God!" because beyond it the land took a new direction and the weather became calmer.

Proceeding on their way they coasted Nicaragua and Veragua: at the latter their eyes were gladdened at the sight of gold, of which they received from the natives a fairly large quantity in exchange for a few toys. The natives spoke of a narrow place beyond which a great sea might be reached. They referred to what is now known as the Isthmus of Darien, but Columbus was confirmed in his expectation of finding a strait between two continents, and although entreated by his companions to do so refused to explore the country round about, which the natives informed him abounded in gold. Pressing on, he anchored on 2nd November in a large harbour to which he gave the name of Puerto Bello; and thence to what was in later years to be Nombre de Dios, where Francis Drake was to surprise the Spaniards; and then on, and still on, with brief calls at various villages along the coast, where invariably the conduct of the Spaniards roused the hostility of the natives.

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The persistence of Columbus in seeking his imagined strait, despite the reports of opulent countries near at hand, caused much dissatisfaction among his men; and having sailed to the point where he had conceived the strait to be without finding it, he reluctantly fell in with their requests to return, and on the 5th of December sailed from El Retrete, the furthest point he had reached. Arriving once more at Puerto Bello he set sail thence for Veragua, but for days the ships were tossed about at the mercy of sea and wind, and to add to their horror a huge water-spout seemed about to burst upon them; it passed them by, however, and the mariners breathed more freely. For a month the ships suffered from rough seas and stormy weather, and although the distance between Puerto Bello and Veragua was only some thirty leagues it took them all their time to cover the distance.

When at last they did arrive the mariners lost no time in seeking for the gold which they had been told was plentiful at Veragua. At first the natives were hostile, but by means of his native guides, Columbus succeeded in overcoming their antipathy, and much traffic in gold resulted. The Spaniards received the information that the mines from which the gold was obtained were situated inland, and after exploring the country around, Columbus decided to establish his colony here; but the natives treacherously attacked the colonists and wrought such havoc among them that, after great difficulty, he had to take the latter aboard and relinquish the idea of settling a colony at Veragua.

The ships of the squadron were in a very unseaworthy condition by this time, and provisions were scarce; Columbus, therefore, determined to make for Hispaniola.

Columbus's unlucky star seems to have been in the

ascendant throughout this voyage; more stormy weather was encountered, and for the moment he had to relinquish the idea of reaching Hispaniola. He succeeded in reaching Jamaica, however, although when at last the vessels arrived there they were all in imminent danger of sinking. Luckily the natives were friendly and supplied the mariners with food.

The question now was: how to get to Hispaniola? The ships could not possibly sail further. In this emergency one of the mariners, Diego Mendez, came forward and volunteered to attempt to reach Hispaniola in a canoe purchased from the natives, and beseech Ovando, the governor, to send a ship to fetch them off.

The attempt was unsuccessful, for Mendez and his companions were captured by Indians before he was out of sight of Jamaica. The natives decided to kill them; but while making up their minds, Mendez himself managed to escape, and finding his canoe, made his way back to Columbus.

Nothing daunted, Mendez resolved on another attempt, and cheered by the good wishes of his comrades set out once more.

For a long while no news arrived from Hispaniola, and during the time they were waiting, Columbus experienced further misfortune. The best part of his followers mutinied, and refusing to wait for the ships from Hispaniola embarked in some canoes Columbus had purchased, leaving only a very few men—and those too ill to be of service—under the command of the aged navigator.

The mutineers were unsuccessful in their attempt to reach Hispaniola, and were driven back to Jamaica, where they ravaged the Indians, laying this evil work to the charge of Columbus.

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Then Columbus's provisions began to get short; the natives refused to supply more, and he had recourse to a ruse. Being versed in astronomy he was aware that an eclipse of the moon was due, and he informed the natives that their refusal to supply food had angered the God of the white men, in proof whereof a sign would be given—the moonlight would be blotted out. The eclipse happened, and the natives were so fearful that they immediately brought all they could lay hands upon, and promised faithfully to keep the Spaniards well provided for the future.

Mendez had in the meantime arrived at Hispaniola with his news: Ovando expressed concern and promised to send over relief. For months, however, he delayed, and it was not until eight months had passed away that he despatched a messenger to Columbus. When the weary mariners at Jamaica beheld the ships they were filled with delight, and still more joyful were they when they found it was sent by Ovando. The commander, however, informed Columbus that Ovando regretted not having a vessel large enough to take off all the mariners, but that one would come as soon as possible. Then having received a further message from Columbus to Ovando, the ship sailed away, and with its disappearance the hopes of the explorer's companions sank very low.

Now began a very dark period for Columbus: the mutineers plotted to make him a prisoner and he sent his brother Bartholomew to reason with them. Instead of peaceful negotiations a battle took place, in which Bartholomew defeated the mutineers and captured their leader, and returned in triumph to the ships. With the capture of the ringleader the mutiny died out and the men returned to their allegiance.

About four months after the departure of Ovando's messenger, two more ships arrived at Jamacia. They had been sent out, one by Mendez (at the expense of Columbus) and the other by Ovando, now become ashamed of his long neglect of Columbus and urged by the people of Hispaniola, who were indignant at the ungenerous and ungrateful treatment of the great navigator.

Columbus and his companions, overjoyed that at last they were to leave Jamaica, embarked on the ships, and on 13th August they arrived safely at San Domingo. The relations between Columbus and Ovando were very strained, and Columbus determined to sail for Spain. On 12th September 1504, therefore, he left San Domingo. His ill-luck had not yet left him, for he had to send one of his two ships back owing to the mast having been carried away. Moreover, the other vessel was severely damaged, but crippled as it was, Columbus braved the dangers of the sea for some weeks, and at last was gladdened by the sight of Spain, arriving in November 1504 at the port of St Lucar.

His disastrous voyage was over. It had been followed throughout by misfortune, and it is sad to recall that the last expedition of the brave old mariner had been dogged by such persistent ill-luck and that he had been treated with so much unfriendliness.

Even with the return to Spain his troubles were not over: the remainder of his strenuous life was spent in petitioning Ferdinand to restore to him the rights and privileges which had been originally conferred. But good Queen Isabella had died, and with her the last hopes of Columbus were buried; her kindly interest and ideas of the honour due to so intrepid a navigator were no more, and Columbus for many months in-

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effectually endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of Ferdinand.

At last, worn out by the labours of a life-time, in which little or no leisure had been his lot, Columbus, on 20th May 1506, in the sixty-first year of his age, breathed his last, realizing with a pathetic regret, that the world has no care of its benefactors, and, with the faith that had characterized his life, commending his spirit to the care of a beneficent Heaven.

Thus in sad neglect—"no local annals mention even his death"—ended the life of a great man, who by his temerity and perseverance had, against all manner of odds, wrung from the unknown so many of its secrets, and placed at the disposal of an ungrateful monarch a New World with all its untold wealth.

Neglect and despite is often the living lot of great men; it remains for those who come after to render the honour due to their name and achievements, and while the world lasts, the story of Columbus must ever be dear to the hearts of those who love honour and courage, and the faith that overcomes all obstacles put in the way of enterprise by an ignorant and selfish generation.

CHAPTER XII

The Voyage of John Cabot

IT is now necessary, in order to preserve the historical perspective, to go back a number of years to the story of the voyage of one who preceded Columbus in the discovery of America, namely, John Cabot. We have already seen how that North America was discovered by the Norsemen some hundreds of years before, and, although at the time when Columbus was working out his great idea the work of exploration was mainly in the hands of Spain and Portugal, it is gratifying to remember that the re-discovery of the mainland of North America was undertaken under English auspices, although John Cabot, the navigator in command, was an Italian.

Little is known of the early life of Cabot beyond that he came from Venice and settled in Bristol about 1490 as a trader. The call of the unknown came to him early, and in 1497 he received from Henry VII. of England, for himself and his three sons (of whom one, Sebastian, in later years, and up to comparatively recent times, got the credit of this first voyage, to the exclusion of his father), letters patent empowering them to sail into the Eastern, Western, and Northern Seas.

Cabot was probably under the influence of the discoveries made by Columbus; perhaps he believed he could by sailing northward reach the Asia which had

long been the object of men's search. Be that as it may, armed with the royal authority, Cabot and his sons set sail with two vessels from Bristol in May 1497, determined to do his utmost to discover some hitherto unknown land. His royal warrant conferred upon him and his family certain valuable privileges, namely, the exclusive and hereditary right of frequenting whatsoever lands they might discover, and freedom from customs duty on all the merchandise they might bring home with them, on condition that the land discovered should belong to the realm of England, and the King should have one-fifth of the profits of the voyage.

The account of the voyage which has come down to us is very brief; it is, in fact, a bare statement of the discovery of land. It was written upon a map drawn by one Clement Adams and known to have hung in Queen Elizabeth's Gallery at Whitehall. The following is a literal transcript:—

“ In the yere of our Lord 1497 John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian (with an English fleet set out from Bristol) discovered the land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24 of June, about five of the clock early in the morning. This land he called *Prima Vista*, that is to say, *First Seen* because as I suppose it was that part whereof they had the first sight from Sea. That Island which lieth out before the land, he called the Island of St. John upon this occasion, as I think, because it was discovered upon the day of John the Baptist. The inhabitants of this Island use to wear beasts skinnés, and have them in as great estimation as we have our finest garments. In their warres they use bowes, arrowes, pikes, darts, wooden clubs, and slings. The soil is barren in some places, and yieldeth litle fruit, but it is full of white bears, and stagges far

greater than ours. It yieldeth plenty of fish, and those very great, as seales, and those which commonly we call salmons : there are soles also above a yard in length : but especially there is a great abundance of that kind of fish which the natives call baccalos (cod). In the same Island also there breed hauks, but they are so blacke that they are very like to ravens, as also their partridges, and eagles, which are in like sort blacke.”

Put into modern English the land discovered was Labrador and Newfoundland. Cabot had thus anticipated Columbus by about a year in the discovery of the mainland of America, for it was not until his third voyage that Columbus—to whom must be given the honour of first setting out westwards—first set foot upon the mainland of South America.

Cabot's success was hailed with delight by England, and he determined upon another voyage in the same direction, in which he hoped to reach the fabled island of Cipango. The result of the expedition is not certainly known, but there is a probability that the explorers, passing along the coast from Labrador, went through the Gulf of St Lawrence, and succeeded in reaching Cape Cod—the limit of the old Norse discoveries.

From this point John Cabot disappears from the stage of history, and his place is taken by his son Sebastian, whose discoveries will receive attention in their proper place in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XIII

In the Wake of Columbus

IN resuming the story of Spanish maritime enterprise it will be necessary to go back to some years before the death of Columbus, in order to record voyages undertaken by his contemporaries into the New World, to which he had shown the way.

In 1497, the year in which Cabot reached Labrador, and the year preceding that in which Columbus on his third voyage landed at Paria, a successful voyage westward was undertaken by Amerigo Vespucci, sailing as astronomer under some other commander, probably Vincente Yanez Pinzon, accompanied by an eminent pilot named Juan Diaz de Solis. For many years it has been disputed whether Vespucci really did succeed in sighting the mainland before Columbus; owing to the careless blundering of some editor he has been made to assert that he visited Paria before Columbus—a statement he never made, but which being made for him by some other writer, has caused Vespucci to be branded as dishonest.

Vespucci in a letter addressed to a friend named Soderini, gives him an interesting account of four voyages which he had undertaken—two in the service of Spain and two for Portugal.

The first, he says, was in 1497 when, on 10th May, he sailed from Cadiz. It is over this voyage that much

contention has taken place. There seems no doubt, however, that the voyagers, after touching at the Canaries, came in sight of land after about a month's sailing to the westward. This land was probably Honduras—where Columbus landed in 1502. They continued westward sailing round Yucatan, thence to Florida, and then, deciding to return home, they left the coast behind them, and after some days reached a group of islands. Here they made friends with the natives and departed on a slave hunt to the Bermudas, where they succeeded in capturing about two hundred prisoners. With these, and some gold which they had acquired in the course of the voyage, they set out for Spain, where they arrived in October 1498.

The discovery of the reputedly wealthy lands of Trinidad, Paria, and the Pearl coast by Columbus on his third voyage excited the cupidity of many of the Spaniards. In all the voyages undertaken gold—wealth of any kind, in fact—was a primary motive. The comparatively financial failure of the Pinzon-Vespucci expedition no doubt led to the neglect which ensued of its geographical achievement, and caused the voyage to be forgotten in the superior attractions of that of Columbus.

Amongst those who were infected with the fever for the West was Alonzo de Ojeda, who, it will be remembered, had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage. In 1499 he obtained permission to fit out an expedition to Paria. Attached to the warrant was a clause forbidding him to touch at any of the lands discovered by Columbus previous to 1498. He enlisted the interest of various rich Spanish merchants, who looked with longing eyes towards the New World, and by their aid he found himself in command of a small

fleet of four vessels. With him sailed Amerigo Vespucci (this being his second voyage referred to in his letter), and Juan de la Cosa, a pilot who also had a good knowledge of the new seas, having accompanied Columbus on his first and second voyages.

Ojeda left Spain in 1499, and after an easy voyage of about three weeks reached the mainland of South America about five hundred miles south of Trinidad. For a few days the voyagers went to the south-west along the coast, but, owing to the difficulty of making much headway because of the currents, they retraced their course, and sailed north-west to Paria. Ojeda coasted along the mainland and the islands which Columbus had previously discovered, seeking, all but fruitlessly, gold and pearls wherewith to satisfy the craving for wealth which had urged him and his patrons to fit out the expedition.

The natives of the mainland were hospitable, and at their request Ojeda willingly agreed to fight some of their enemies who threatened invasion from a neighbouring island. Taking with him a few natives to serve as guides, he sailed to the island in question, where he found the natives drawn up in warlike order. Nothing suited Ojeda better than fighting, and without hesitation he landed his men, and engaged the natives in a hand-to-hand fight. The task confronting the Spaniards was no easy one, for the natives were strong and warlike, and determined to defend their homes. On two successive days the battle raged, but at last the superior arms of the white men brought them victory; and Ojeda, elated at his success, returned to his friendly natives with the news that their enemies were vanquished.

After this adventure Ojeda turned his attention once more to treasure-seeking. Sailing westward along the coast he named the land Little Venice, a name occasioned

by his discerning a native village built upon piles driven into a lagoon. It was on that part of the mainland ever since known as Venezuela.

The natives, although apparently friendly, subsequently attacked the mariners, who were able to repel them without any loss to themselves.

Re-embarking they continued to sail along the coast with intent to seek information as to the whereabouts of gold and pearls; but although they went as far as Maracaibo, thence proceeding to Cape de la Vela, their journey was in vain; and at last, disappointed in not finding what they sought, Ojeda and Vespucci determined, against orders, to visit Hispaniola. Here they were refused permission to land, and were forced to sail away without having repaired their vessels, which were fast becoming unseaworthy.

In respect of gold the expedition had been a failure; but as regards discovery it had borne fruit, for Ojeda had coasted along a goodly portion of the mainland of America.

But his chief concern was to make his voyage worth while financially; and with this view, after leaving Hispaniola, he landed at various islands in the vicinity, and made captives of a great number of natives. These he took to Spain, to be sold as slaves; but even then the amount realized was insufficient, and the financial failure of the voyage helped to bring disgrace upon Columbus, who had given such glowing reports of the wealth of Paria.

Whatever may have been the cause of Ojeda's lack of success, it certainly did not lie in the lands he had visited; for in the same year, in fact only a few days after the departure of Ojeda, another expedition, under Pedro Alonzo Nuño, sailed to the Gulf of Paria, and

after a voyage of some months, during which Nuño coasted Columbia, returned to Spain laden with wealth.

In 1499 also, Vincente Yanez Pinzon, with four ships, set out on an expedition to the New World. He crossed the equator—the first voyager to America to do so, and with this achievement lost his bearings. The heavens presented a new aspect: the constellation of the Great Bear disappeared, and Pinzon was baffled by a storm. As it happened, however, he soon sighted land, and in January 1500 reached Cape St Augustine in Brazil, and took possession in the name of Spain. The name Brazil was given to this part of the New World because of the fact that a dye-wood, known as brazil-wood, which had long been imported from the East, was also found in great abundance in this new country. Brazil was discovered this same year by Cabral, the Portuguese navigator, and in accordance with the terms of a papal Bull granted in 1494, it was adjudged to be the lawful possession of Portugal.

Sailing thence Pinzon proceeded westward, and was the first to discover the greatest river in the world, the Amazon. The amount of fresh water flowing into the sea amazed him; and well it might, for the mouth of the river is about one hundred miles wide. From here he made his way along the coast, carrying with him various captives he had made, and, passing through the Gulf of Paria, cruised among the Caribbean Islands, and touched at Hispaniola. From here he sailed to the Bahamas, where two of his vessels were wrecked and their crews drowned: a third was lost sight of, and the fourth driven ashore on an island. The men who had escaped and landed on the island were eventually taken off by the third vessel, which, when the storm that

had wrought such havoc had spent itself, was able to make for the island once more.

Having had sufficient share of profitless danger, the mariners returned to Spain in September 1500, where Pinzon found that in the same year that he had sailed Diego de Lepe had left Palos; and, reaching Cape St Augustine, had sailed south-west, and discovered a considerable stretch of new coast.

The misfortunes of Ojeda and Pinzon do not seem to have discouraged other adventures to the Pearl Coast. Men looked at the few successes, rather than at the many failures; and so we find that in 1500, following hard upon the return of Pinzon and de Lepe, Rodrigo de Bastides, accompanied by Juan de Cosa as pilot, embarked on another expedition, not so much with the idea of adding to the map, as of finding gold and pearls. Making his way to the Pearl Coast, thence to Cape de la Vela—the limit of the Ojeda-Vespucci voyage in 1500—Bastides proceeded westward, and succeeded in revealing coastline as far as Puerto Bello on the Isthmus of Darien, thus completing the discovery of the northern coast of South America—a work which Columbus had begun in 1498 on his third voyage. However, as has been said, Bastides went out with a different object, and by his kindly and equitable treatment of the natives he succeeded in amassing a very considerable cargo of pearls and gold.

Then his good fortune deserted him, for his ships began to get unseaworthy through the incursions of a certain worm which pierced the hulls. Without tarrying to collect further treasure, Bastides made for Hispaniola, where he arrived after great difficulty. He was still dogged by misfortune, for the Governor, representing that he had procured his gold from a prohibited part of

the coast, arrested him, and sent him to Spain, where, however, he was released and suitably rewarded for his services.

Although the last voyage of Ojeda had been fraught with misfortune, he was still as headstrong as ever in his determination to reap a goodly fortune from the harvest of the New World, especially as others had succeeded where he had failed. Therefore in 1502 he was once more afloat in command of four vessels.

After touching at the Canaries to provision his ships, he proceeded to the Gulf of Paria, and eventually arrived at a place, probably Bahia Honda, which he determined to colonize. The natives, however, opposed his landing, and were only beaten off after a sharp encounter. Later, they came and made friends with the Spaniards.

Ojeda now set his men to work, and, although having continually to repel the attacks of other natives, they soon erected a fort, in which they stored the treasure they had gathered during their cruising along the coast. But, alas! differences arose over it, and with his customary ill-luck Ojeda's companions mutinied, made him prisoner, and carried him to Hispaniola. On arriving in sight of Hispaniola, Ojeda, with his feet shackled, jumped overboard, and endeavoured to swim ashore; but he was compelled to call for help, and a boat was despatched to his succour. He was then handed over to the Governor, eventually to be released, but his treasure had disappeared in the meantime.

M. B. Smith
14th Nov 1901

CHAPTER XIV

Amerigo Vespucci's Brazilian and Antarctic Voyages

IN 1501 Vespucci, who had, as we have seen, been out with two Spanish expeditions, suddenly left the service of Ferdinand, and entered that of King Manuel of Portugal.

It appears that the discovery of Brazil in 1500, and its consequent annexation by Portugal, had induced Manuel to have the new land explored that he might ascertain its value to the crown. Vespucci's fame led Manuel to offer him employment as pilot in the expedition he proposed to fit out. Vespucci accepted the post, and sailed on one of a fleet of three ships, which left Lisbon on 14th May 1501. The expedition was most probably under the command of Don Nuño Manuel.

Passing by Madeira and the Canaries, they made their first call at Cape Verde, where Vespucci met Cabral on his way home from India, and the sight of his treasure-laden ship filled Vespucci with amazement.

Sailing thence, the ships proceeded across the Atlantic in a south-westerly direction, which, after a somewhat dangerous run, brought them to Brazil. They touched first at what is known as Cape St Roque—that being the name of the Saint upon whose feast day they sighted land.

The country was delightful, but the natives unfortunately did not partake of the character of their land, for they refused to have aught to do with the strangers, and indeed showed fight. Later on two men were sent out to explore, but failed to return. One of the Portuguese, a gymnast, apparently, was sent ashore to exhibit his agility. His feats caused much wonderment, but even as he was in the midst of his performance a woman came from a hill, and creeping up behind him, struck him dead with a huge stake which she carried : and others of the natives, catching hold of the corpse by the feet, dragged it towards the hill. The rest discharged their arrows in defiance, but were scared away by the discharge of firearms.

But the adventure was not at an end—the natives cut up and cooked the corpse, and then ate it before the very eyes of the Portuguese ! From the signs which the natives made they gathered that a like fate had overtaken the two other men who had been sent ashore previously.

The commander refused to take revenge, probably wishing to leave the way open for amicable relations in the future.

Therefore the mariners sailed away and proceeded southward along the coast, arriving at last at a cape which had been discovered by Pinzon in 1500, and to which they gave the name of St Augustine.

For a long time they coasted along a great portion of mainland, sailing southward, and keeping the land in sight as much as possible, a favourite course with these old-time mariners. They touched frequently at various places, on some occasions the natives being amiable, on others unfriendly, but in every case the mariners were delighted with the various strange customs which

they saw. Many of the natives, alas ! were cannibals, but the beautiful serenity of the climate, the strange and lovely beasts, birds and trees, induced the Portuguese to speculate upon the probability of the Earthly Paradise being situated somewhere on this new land.

Then they departed and crossed the equator, and after some weeks of easy sailing under unknown skies they arrived at what they thought was the mouth of a river—but which was really a great bay—and to which they gave the name of Rio de Janeiro. Then still following the coast, but finding nothing of value, they passed the mouth of the La Plata river.

Although the object of the expedition was primarily to explore the new land, the mariners were undoubtedly disappointed at not finding gold, and that may perhaps have been the reason why the course was now altered. However that may be, the command of the fleet was handed over to Vespucci, who decided to leave the land and sail on into the broad ocean, trusting to Providence to land them somewhere in the region of gold. Six months' water was taken in, that being the time which the pilots considered the ships might still remain seaworthy, and they hoisted sail, and on 15th February left the shores behind them. A good wind carried them south-east, but on April 3rd, after having sailed for about 500 leagues in that direction without seeing land, a terrific storm arose, and they had to scud along before it without an inch of canvas spread.

They now found that it was winter in this part of the globe—with long nights—"so that," says Vespucci, "on the seventh of April we had a night which was fifteen hours long." On this date they sighted the island which in later years Captain Cook was to rediscover and name South Georgia.

Thus was Vespucci the first to undertake deliberately a voyage into the Antarctic regions—or at least the first to venture so far south, except, maybe, Bartholomew Diaz, who was driven far out to sea and round the Cape of Good Hope.

There was nothing inviting about the land: it was cold and bare, fog-laden and uninhabited, and what with rough winds, high seas, and the long nights of intense cold, the sailors were in fear for their lives; and, like pious Catholics, offered vows of pilgrimages for their safe return to Portugal.

Owing to the danger Vespucci decided that it was best to attempt the return journey at once—and none too soon, for Vespucci said that he believed “if we had delayed that night we had all been lost.”

Sailing from Georgia they made for Africa, and on 15th May reached Sierra Leone, where they burnt one of their ships that had become utterly useless, so heavy a passage had they experienced, and then returned to Lisbon via the Azores.

With the discovery of Brazil and the exploration of its vast extent of coast-line by Vespucci, men began to realize that the land which the intrepid voyagers had revealed could not be a part of the continent of Asia, but that it must be an entirely new portion of the globe—that it was in fact a New World, a phrase which Vespucci used in his letter to describe the land. The portions which had been discovered north of the equator they still believed were part of the Asiatic continent.

A great stretch of land had been discovered as a result of Columbus's expeditions, for all the various voyagers to the west since that memorable year 1492 had but followed in his track. Men have fought wordy battles about the priority of Columbus and Vespucci in

regard to the discovery of America—or certain portions of it—and all to no purpose; for although Vespucci undoubtedly preceded Columbus in sighting and landing on the northern mainland, he was, after all, but a pupil of Columbus, the master-mariner of the age. Moreover, if Vespucci did touch the northern coast first, Columbus succeeded in getting to the southern mainland before any of the adventurers whose vessels ploughed the seas in those days of strenuous endeavour to find new land.

The time had now come when the idea of a New World, in reality, became rooted in men's minds: they no longer doubted that in Brazil—or Vera Cruz (as Cabral had called it), or Land of Parrots (as some other voyager named it)—an hitherto unknown quarter of the earth's surface had been revealed; and Amerigo Vespucci, as the first to extensively explore its coast, and the revealer of more coast-line in the West than any other voyager, was to have the great honour of perpetuating his name in that which the new land finally was to bear. Vespucci, however, never dreamed of this; he was content to call it, rightly, a "New World"—strictly confining the term to that land which he had sailed along in this third voyage.

The name "America" originated with one Waldseemuller, who, in 1507, published a treatise, in which he suggested that, seeing that Africa, Europe and Asia had received their names from women, nothing could be more fitting than that this new fourth part should be called after its intrepid explorer—Amerigo Vespucci! The process of christening was naturally a long one, and the new name originally meant only the *southern world, not the western*; but, although it is anticipating somewhat, when eventually men's minds became

thoroughly disabused of the idea that they had reached Asia, the name extended to the *northern* mainland as well, and thenceforth the "New World" became the *Western World*—distinct altogether from Europe and Asia. That Amerigo did not seek this immortal fame at the expense of Columbus is proved by the friendliness of Columbus, a friendliness evidenced in his letters, in one of which, written to his son Diego, he says, "He (Vespucci) goes (to the Spanish court in 1505) with the determination to do all that is possible for me."

Vespucci's fourth voyage, like his third, was sailed in the service of King Manuel. A different motive, however, underlay this one: for whereas the third voyage had been solely for the purpose of exploring the Brazilian coast, this was undertaken with the idea of finding a western passage into the Indian Ocean—the primary incentive of so much that had been done in this wonderful age of discovery.

Vespucci's exploration of the New World in the south had apparently convinced him that there was probably a way round it to the Indian Ocean, and in June 1503 he set out in company with Gonçalo Coelho. The expedition consisted of six vessels. After touching at the Cape Verde Islands, Vespucci expressed the desire to steer straight to Brazil, but Coelho was obstinate, and insisted on going to Sierra Leone—a course of action which Vespucci attributed to Coelho's wish to assert himself as the real commander of the expedition.

Coelho's obstinacy proved all in vain, for, when at last they reached Sierra Leone, the weather was such as to make it impossible for the mariners to land. They therefore sailed westward, and about August 10th discovered a small island lying to the north-east of Cape St Roque, to which they gave its present name of

Fernando Noronha. Here one of the ships was wrecked, and although the crew were saved, much store of provision was lost.

Vespucci was deputed to examine the island coast in his vessel for a suitable harbour. He found one, but while engaged in his search the remainder of the squadron disappeared, and after awaiting fruitlessly in his harbour for some time, he gave up his companions for lost. At last one of the missing ships turned up with bad news : Coelho had been wrecked and drowned, so the crew said, and the other vessel had disappeared. This, however, proved to be false, as some time after Vespucci had arrived back in Portugal, the missing vessel came back, having traversed a good deal of the ground which Vespucci had gone over on his third voyage.

Vespucci and the newcomer were now alone, and, after having explored the island, which they found overgrown with trees and well stocked with birds, of which they took in a goodly supply, they set sail for Bahia, the appointed rendezvous should an emergency of the kind arise. After waiting some time, and the missing ships not putting in an appearance, they once more set out, and coasting Brazil arrived within some distance of Rio de Janeiro. Here they found much brazil-wood, and determined that it was a fitting place for a colony, wherefore Vespucci erected a fort, and left a number of men with store of arms and provisions. He then embarked for Lisbon with a cargo of brazil-wood, without having discovered the route which he set out to find—a work which was reserved for another, as we are to see shortly.

CHAPTER XV

Balboa's Discovery of the Pacific Ocean

WITH the dawning knowledge that the land discovered in the west to the south of the equator was an entirely new and unknown continent, and not India as had been hitherto supposed, the adventurers of Spain and Portugal began to speculate more seriously than ever as to the existence of a strait running between it and the land lying to the north, a strait which must, they thought, lead out into the Indian ocean. Columbus had sought it, without success. Amerigo Vespucci on his last voyage had intended to make an attempt, but misfortune foiled him. That same year also, 1503, Christovao Jaques, a Portuguese navigator, set out with the same object, but, although he sailed along the coast of Patagonia, and possibly sighted the strait through which in after years Magellan sailed, fortune was not with him.

Various further expeditions were undertaken both by the Spaniards and Portuguese. The Spaniards founded more colonies in the New World: Cuba was circumnavigated by Ocampo in 1508, while Pinzon and Solis had the same year and the next unsuccessfully endeavoured to explore the river La Plata. This was Pinzon's last voyage, but Solis in 1516 went out once more, and, seeking for the strait to the sea beyond,

found the La Plata and death, being killed and eaten by the natives there.

While Spain sent out her mariners and adventurers westward, Portugal was no less busy in the east. The Spice Islands of India were the object of the search of both nations, but while Spain had found her way barred, so far, by the vast New World, Portugal had a clear ocean way to India round Africa. In 1506 Francesco d'Almeida had, after various adventures in fighting with the Arabs in India, carried the Portuguese flag as far as Ceylon; and in 1508-9 a Portuguese, Sequeira, accompanied by Ferdinand Magellan, reached Sumatra and Malacca—the latter, a most praiseworthy achievement in the eyes of his contemporaries owing to the fabled riches of this land. Its occupation by Albuquerque in 1511 led to the despatch of an expedition to the still more famous Spice Islands—the Moluccas; and finally, in 1517, Fernam de Andrade sailed into the China Sea on the first European ship to cast anchor in a Chinese port.

All these expeditions of the Portuguese had proved commercially valuable, and served to impel the Spaniards on to find the strait between the new lands lying to the west. Meanwhile Ojeda had been made Governor of a colony at Darien—a neighbouring province being put under the control of Diego de Nicuesa, an enemy of Ojeda. With the intrigues of these two impetuous young men we need not concern ourselves, but may pass on to mention one, Nuñez de Balboa, who, when fate had played out her game with Nicuesa and Ojeda, rose to the command of Darien—a fact which called forth the jealousy of more than one in the colony, and led to complaints being lodged against him at Court, ending in his death at the hands of his own countrymen.

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Balboa entered into friendly relations with neighbouring native chiefs, from whom he received much gold—so much that the Spaniards quarrelled amongst themselves as to its possession; upon which, one of the natives, disgusted at a cupidity he could not understand, arose and exclaimed:—

“Why fight amongst yourselves over this yellow stuff? There is enough and to spare in a land whereof I can tell you——”

“Where! where!” cried the Spanish dons, all feuds forgotten in the excitement caused by such an announcement.

“See yonder mountains?” answered the chief. “Beyond them the rivers—laden with gold—run into a great and mighty sea. If you would have gold, seek it there!”

“How can we get there, O chief?” eagerly asked Balboa. “Tell us the way.”

“The way is hard and dangerous: it leads through the lands of fierce chiefs, who will most certainly come out against you. Therefore if you go, take a large and well-armed force.”

“Tell me,” exclaimed Balboa, “tell me, are you sure of all this?”

“Sure? so sure that I will even come with you and prove it true.”

Thus, out of a fight over some treasure-trove did Balboa get the first news of a golden land, and the great sea beyond the mountains, and he determined to set out immediately.

In 1513, therefore, Balboa started on his expedition across the Isthmus accompanied by a mere handful of men. He determined to undertake the dangerous journey with this small force, because he dared not

wait for reinforcements from Spain, where complaints of various kinds having been made against him, he feared that instead of reinforcements he might receive his dismissal. Therefore, he braved the dangers of the unknown land. The adventurers were comparatively fortunate, for they were only attacked once by the natives, whom they repelled with much slaughter. Many prisoners were taken, and the Spaniards treated some of the natives very inhumanly; in some cases setting bloodhounds upon them.

At last they had almost reached the mountain-top—a straggled, weary company of blood-stained adventurers—aflush with excitement over what they expected to see beyond the mountain summit.

Yet were they not allowed to peer over, for Balboa had made up his mind that his eyes should be the first to see the great ocean. Leaving his companions, he advanced to the summit. It was almost midday; the sun, all but at its height, shone upon a glorious sight for Balboa: a new world seemed revealed to him—more than that, a sea! Could it be the much-sought-for Indian Ocean that lay before him? And he thanked the kindly Providence that had vouchsafed to him the privilege of what he little doubted was a great discovery.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.¹

Overwhelmed with joy Balboa called up his followers. They came, eager and excited, and in a few minutes were enraptured by the sight before them. They

¹ Keats erred in attributing the first sight of the Pacific to Cortez.

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joined with Balboa in their praise to Heaven, and vowed, one and all, to follow him even to death in the exploration of the new land and sea which lay open to their gaze.

Thus on 25th September 1513 was sighted for the first time by European eyes that vast ocean, the greatest of the five, which was afterwards named the Pacific.

In the name of Spain Balboa took possession of the sea and land that lay before him, and proceeded to descend the mountain on the side facing the sea. They reached a gulf on Michaelmas day, wherefore they called it the gulf of St Michael (St Miguel). They found some canoes on the shore, and one of the Spaniards, Alonzo Martin, jumped into one, and called upon his companions to witness that he was the first European to embark on the new sea.

They now turned their attention to the acquisition of gold, of which they received a large quantity from the natives. Then Balboa embarked upon the sea in some small canoes. His intention was to explore the neighbouring coast; but rough seas made it too dangerous to achieve much; indeed, for a whole night they were stranded on a small island, over which the sea continually broke. When the morning came they were in despair, for the majority of the canoes were washed away, and the few remaining to them were almost useless. However, they managed to patch these up, and then made their way back to the shore.

A native chief here resented their intrusion into his village, and it was only after some severe fighting, and with the aid of their bloodhounds, that the Spaniards repelled his attack. Eventually, the chief, named Tumaco, was won over, and he presented Balboa with much gold and many pearls, and indicated the position

of a pearl fishery. Balboa continued on the shores of the southern sea for some time longer, making extensive explorations and everywhere adding to his treasure, and making friends of the natives. In the distance he sighted, but did not venture to, a group of islands, to which he gave the name of the Pearl Islands, from the description given by the natives. At length he decided it was time to return to Darien and send the news of his great discovery to Spain. The journey back was interrupted by conflicts with the natives, but in January 1514, the band of hardy adventurers arrived at Darien, where they and their great tidings were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Balboa, before he departed for the South Sea, had despatched a messenger to Spain with the news which the native chief had given him, and asking for reinforcements. But his enemies were also in Spain, representing that he had usurped the position of governor. The king listened to both sides, and as a result sent out a new governor, Pedrarias Davila, with power to call Balboa to account, and at the same time sent out a large force to perform the task of reaching the land of gold. Some two thousand of Spain's best soldiers, who had been gathered together for an expedition into Italy, were instead dispatched to Darien. The reports of the land of gold were such as to result in wild scenes of enthusiasm. Davila started out from Spain in April 1514, but scarcely had he gone when another messenger arrived from Balboa to tell of his latest and triumphant discovery : but too late, the new governor had started, and his arrival at Darien commenced an era of bitterness and jealousy which, after some years, ended with Balboa's execution (1517) on a false charge of treason.

Events moved rapidly in Darien and its neighbour-

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hood. Peru was discovered, Panama and Nombre de Dios were founded, and Spain began to draw those immense quantities of gold and pearls from her new possessions which were to make her "rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

Although the "South Sea" had been discovered, it still remained for some one to find a strait communicating between it and the Atlantic; moreover the man was yet to come who would prove whether or no it was the Indian Ocean. Those who had up to now seen, or embarked upon it, had not been able to settle this question, but all believed either that the land washed by the new sea was part of Asia, or that Asia was quite near at hand.

CHAPTER XVI

The First Circumnavigation of the World

FERDINAND MAGELLAN, discoverer of the Strait to the new sea, and leader of the first circumnavigation of the globe, had a most romantic and eventful life—a life as varied in its course as it was tragic in its ending. Born about 1480, he was a member of an ancient and noble Portuguese family, thus having admission to the Royal Household. When he was about twenty-five years of age the glowing east called him away from his native home, and for several years he took part in the quick-moving events of the Portuguese Conquests in India.

He was one of the mariners in the fleet sent to Malacca and Ceylon in 1508-9, and while there he had a narrow escape from death. Together with some companions he was embarking a rich cargo of spices when the party was suddenly attacked by natives. A number of the Portuguese were killed, but Magellan and some of his comrades succeeded after a hard tussle in escaping.

While Magellan was in the Indian seas, he conceived the idea of seeking for a western passage to the east, and he placed his proposal before the Spanish King, Charles V. This he did openly, and of set purpose. It seems that he had made application to King Manuel

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of Portugal for an increase of pay to the insignificant extent of half a ducat a month, but had been refused.

Charles V. gave favourable ear to the proposals of Magellan, and entrusted him with the command of an expedition for the purpose of finding a strait through the New World into that sea which Balboa had discovered; whence, undoubtedly, he could proceed direct to the Moluccas. Accordingly, on 10th August 1519, Magellan set sail from Seville in command of five vessels, having a complement to the number of some 250, or perhaps more, among whom were a good number of Portuguese who had followed him to Spain. At the outset, Magellan received very disquieting tidings from his father-in-law, who had learned of the intended treachery of certain of the captains. These men, it appears, were in the pay of the King of Portugal, who now regretted his folly in letting Magellan go, and they had pledged themselves to effect Magellan's undoing at the first opportunity. Nor was this the first intimation of King Manuel's designs, for even while in Spain attempts had been made on Magellan's life. Despite so alarming a piece of news, Magellan, ever fearless of danger, persisted in his purpose; but, being forewarned, he determined to keep a sharp watch, and to exercise severity should any mutinous conduct be shown by any of his subordinates.

The fleet made its way along the African coast, and after encountering adverse weather—now running before a strong wind, and now lying becalmed—at last arrived at Brazil, reaching Rio de Janeiro, where they took in provisions, and sailing thence along the coast until on about 10th January they reached the River la Plata.

The adventurers spent some weeks in exploring the mouth of this river in the hope that it might prove to be

the strait they sought. Their labour was in vain, and they once more set out to coast the continent to the southward, thoroughly exploring every bay they came to, a work which occupied them for two months. At the end of March 1520, they arrived at Port St Julian where Magellan decided to lay up for the winter.

A consultation of officers now took place to decide upon the future of the expedition. Almost all the captains and pilots were for an immediate return to Spain. They none of them relished the idea of spending a winter in so cold and dreary a land as that near which they lay at anchor. Magellan, however, refused to consider such an inglorious scheme, with the result that the discontent already prevalent throughout the fleet, broke out into open mutiny. Of his five ships, three rebelled, and the ringleaders, Luis de Mendoza and Gasper Quesada, sent an insolent message to Magellan demanding a conference.

Magellan agreed, but stipulated that the conference should be held on his own vessel: a condition refused by the mutineers. Magellan now resolved on a bold course. He despatched a small body of men to Mendoza's ship: allowed to board, they demanded that he should immediately repair to Magellan's vessel. Mendoza refused, and, without hesitation, one of the messengers flew at him and drove a dagger into his throat. A fresh boat-load of men had meanwhile come to the assistance of Magellan's envoys, and in a short time the ship was in the power of Magellan. This, together with his own and the one other ship that had remained faithful, gave him three ships, and after a stiff encounter with the other two, he succeeded in putting down what had seemed likely to prove a dangerous outbreak against his authority. He had been ably

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seconded by some of his subordinates, but the bold, fearless conduct of Magellan was the main cause of his success.

Magellan, determined to set an example to his men that would not be forgotten, now caused the body of Mendoza to be beheaded and quartered; and Quesada and one of his young men were condemned to suffer the same punishment. Seeing they had no executioner among them the young man was given the choice of suffering death or undertaking the grim work of wreaking justice on his leader. He chose the latter, and hanged and quartered his own captain. Nor was this all; another of the mutineers, Captain Cartagena, and a priest were put ashore and left with a good supply of stores, and the company of their beheaded companions.

The mutiny thus quelled, the ship's crews settled down quietly until the winter was over. While sojourning at St Julian, the mariners came into contact with the natives of Patagonia. They were people of such fine stature that the Spaniards called them giants. So impressed were the white men with the appearance of the natives, that Magellan determined to take some away with him. This he succeeded in doing by a similar ruse to that adopted by Ojeda in Hispaniola with one of the native chiefs. The natives were loaded down with presents of all sorts, and amongst them some bright shackles, which were fastened upon their legs so that they could not escape.

Magellan remained at St Julian until August, when he departed southward once more, and after battling with adverse winds and rough seas, at the end of October he reached Cape Virgins, and came within sight of a wide opening which he felt sure was the long-sought strait. This opinion was confirmed by the report

of one of his captains whom he had sent to explore the channel.

A council of the chief officers was called, at which the prevailing opinion was that, seeing how unseaworthy the ships were, and how short provisions had run, it were best to return at once to Spain with the news that the strait had undoubtedly been discovered.

Magellan, as before, discountenanced any such proceeding, declaring that he would persist in his purpose, and if the South Sea was to be found that way, he would find it or perish in the attempt, "Yea, and if provisions give out," cried he, "I will do it even if we have to eat the leather casings of the ships' yards!" a brave statement, and a prophetic, for ere the voyage was completed they were reduced to this very plight!

Still his fellow-officers resisted him, and at last Magellan, determined not to be gainsaid, commanded that no one, on pain of punishment, should refer again to returning home, and without further delay the order was given for the ships to put into the strait.

Some weeks were occupied in passing through the channel, which was several hundred leagues long, and, says an old chronicler, "in breadth somewhere very large, and in other places little more than half a league in breadth. On both sides of this strait (which is now called the Strait of Magellan), are great and high mountains covered with snow"; and, says yet another, "the land on their left was rugged and cold and no inhabitants were seen, although at night many fires were seen"—hence Magellan named it *Tierra del Fuego*, a name it still bears.

The privations of the crews, and the weariness of the voyage in this desolate strait, caused the mutiny to break out once more. One of the pilots, named Gomez,

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headed the rebellion on this occasion. The captain of his ship, the *San Antonio*, was made a prisoner, Gomez taking his place ; and in the night the ship was turned round and the mutineers headed for home. Magellan gave chase, but failed to catch the runaways, and with his fleet reduced to three ships (one of them, the *Santiago*, having been wrecked while exploring), Magellan bravely set out once more to complete the passage.

This was accomplished at last, and on 27th November 1520, Magellan, flushed at his triumph, proudly sailed out into the great sea, whereat "he was so glad, that for joy the tears fell from his eyes, and he named the point from whence he saw that sea (which from its wonderful calmness he called the Pacific) *Capo Desiderato*."

The greatest discovery since Columbus had set foot on the islands off the New World had been made ; the strait connecting the Atlantic with the "South Sea" was found ; but the voyage was by no means at an end. In fact, the hardships the mariners had so far experienced were as naught compared with those yet to come.

"They now sailed," says the historian before quoted, "three months and twenty days before they saw any land ; and having in this time consumed all their biscuit and other victuals they fell into such necessity that they were enforced to eat the powder that remained thereof, being now full of worms. Their fresh water was also putrified and became yellow. They did eat skin and pieces of leather, which were folded about certain great ropes of the ships ; but these skins being made very hard by reason of the sun, rain, and wind, they hung them by a cord in the sea, for the space of four or five days, to mollify them, and sod them, and ate them." Thus was fulfilled Magellan's brave boast.

A number of the men died, among them one of the giants whom they had captured, and of those who did not die, few were able to do any work in managing the ships.

It was well for them that the sea remained calm, otherwise in the enfeebled state of the crews the whole company must have perished on that unknown sea. Providence, however, favoured them; the sea justified its new name, and on 6th March 1521, after having sailed farther than any other expedition before them, the mariners were gladdened by the sight of land. It proved to be a group of islands, to which, owing to the thieving character of the natives, they gave the name of the *Ladrones* (or *Isles of Thieves*). Magellan had, indeed, to wreak vengeance upon them for their pilfering, and landed an armed force to attack them. A curious incident of the fight which followed was that when a native was wounded by an arrow, he pulled it out and looked at it in amazement, never having seen such a weapon before!

At these islands, however, provisions of fruit and fish were found, and the famished and sickened crews were able to satisfy their craving for food, and rest themselves for a few days. But not for long, for by the 16th of March the ships had arrived at the islands now known as the *Philippines*. The magnitude of his achievement now dawned upon Magellan, for he met here a number of merchants from Asia; he had reached, or almost reached, the *Spice Islands*. He was, in fact, to the north of the *Moluccas* which he had set out to find, but the islands he had discovered proved to be rich in gold and spices, and he was well content.

And now came Magellan's tragic end. These old-time mariners ever mingled with their thirst for adventure

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and fame, a religious enthusiasm, and, as a devout Catholic, Magellan desired to convert the natives to Christianity. At the island of Zebu the natives had at first refused to barter with the strangers, but after some parleying through an Arab interpreter, Magellan succeeded in winning their friendship. This was achieved mainly through the natives learning that the strangers came from a land near to that of the conquerors of Calicut, for the fame of the Portuguese exploits had reached Zebu from India. The natives of Zebu, from the King downward, subsequently embraced Christianity, and acknowledged the greatness of the Spanish King. Neither of these things, however, would the king of another island, Mathan, do, wherefore Magellan set out to bring him to reason. A battle of terrible ferocity ensued, and the Spaniards were repulsed. Magellan, however, scorned to fly, and, facing the enemy with but a handful of men, was wounded to the death and his body captured.

Thus, on 27th April 1521, ended a brave man's life, at the very moment when he had achieved so great a feat. Nor was the tragedy ended yet. Two of Magellan's lieutenants were chosen in his place, but the defeat of the Spaniards had caused the King of Zebu to repent of his apostasy from his fathers' faith, and he sent a message to the new commanders to come ashore to a feast he had ostensibly prepared in their honour.

They went to their death, as events proved, for the natives treacherously murdered the officers and a number of their men. The remainder succeeded in reaching the ships, and having had sufficient share of danger, sailed away, and after touching at various small islands, calling at Borneo, and burning one of

their ships, the *Conception*, now become useless, they arrived at the goal of all their efforts—the Moluccas, the rich Spice Islands of the East. This was on the 8th of November 1521, and the island they first landed on was named Tidor. They took in a rich cargo, and at the end of December one of the two remaining ships, the *Victoria*, set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, missed it, and at last arrived at the Cape Verde Islands. Here the news of what had been accomplished landed them in difficulties with their rivals, the Portuguese, who captured and imprisoned thirteen of them. The others hoisted their sail, and made off as fast as they could, arriving in Spain on 6th September 1522, after having, through much danger and hardship, circumnavigated the globe in about three years.

The other ship, the *Trinidad*, set out from Tidor to reach the New World across the Pacific: she was drawn back and the greater part of her crew perished at the hands of the Portuguese.

We can easily imagine with what delight the great news was received. So tremendous an undertaking had never before been achieved, and the one thing that marred the rejoicings of Spain was the death of the brave and noble sailor who had first boldly set out determined to sail round the world. To us to-day the voyage is arresting in its importance and boldness; the small ships, the great dangers from the elements and from men, and the persistence of the leading spirit of the enterprise, strike us with amaze: and we are grateful to these old-time mariners, who, heedless of peril, discouraged by no difficulties, went out into the unknown to win from a silent world revelations of its extent and resources.

And yet the story has not all been told—there still

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remains much for us to tell, and although in the chapters that are to follow we shall have to deal with men of different nationalities, we shall still find that the same spirit of inquiry, of boldness, and perseverance continued to animate the voyagers.

CHAPTER XVII

Verazzano and Cartier in North America

SPAIN and Portugal—Spain in the west, and Portugal in the east—seemed, to the rest of Europe, to have the world divided between them. Portugal was rapidly increasing her dominions in India, while Spain, in America, was no less slowly adding to her possessions. Pizarro and Almargo had discovered and colonized Peru and Chili, and had been able to send home vast stores of wealth. Fernando Cortes had conquered, by sheer pluck, the country of Mexico, and had found it to be worth the trouble and time taken.

France meantime had become jealous, not without cause. News had reached Francis I. of the great wealth which was pouring into the Spanish coffers; and when the Pope, following the example of some of his predecessors, had granted a bull apportioning the new lands to Spain and Portugal, Francis is said to have exclaimed:

“Seeing that the Kings of Spain and Portugal have divided the world between them, I should be glad to see the will of our father Adam, in order that I might see in what manner he made them his heirs!”

This piece of sarcasm he followed up by fitting out

an expedition for the purpose of discovering new lands. It was put under the command of Giovanni ~~Verazzano~~ Verazzano. Verazzano was a Florentine—and a pirate; he had, in fact, captured a treasure-laden vessel on its way home to Spain from the New World, and Francis considered himself fortunate in acquiring the ~~service~~ of a man who was as ready to commit piracy as to explore unknown lands.

~~He~~ In 1524, therefore, he set sail from Dieppe, crossing the Atlantic until he reached the coast of North Carolina. He had started out with three vessels, but arrived at Carolina with only one, the other two having had to return owing to their being badly battered by heavy seas. Upon his arrival at Carolina he searched for a safe anchorage, but found none. At last they cast anchor out at sea, and sent boats ashore. Here they met many natives, from whose conduct it would seem that the slave-hunting Spaniards had not yet reached this part of the mainland.

From hence Verazzano sailed northward, not wishing to come into conflict with the Spaniards, which he must have done had he sailed to the south. He continued along the coast, reaching the land to be later named Virginia, passing Delaware Bay, and at last making the mouth of the Hudson River. Up this river the explorers sailed for some distance, but the wind veered round and they had to return to the open sea. Still following the coast they arrived at Rhode Island, where they landed. The natives were hospitable, and provided necessaries for the ship, and Verazzano treated them with like civility. Sailing thence he went north yet once again and reached New England and Maine; the further north he went, the colder the climate grew, and he found the natives more savage,

and the land not so inviting. At last, after having sailed as far as New Foundland, and, as Verazzano says, "having discovered about seven hundred leagues" of new land, which he named New France, he returned home.

Some ten years afterwards his work was followed up by Jacques Cartier, a Breton, who, in command of two small ships, left St Malo, in France, whence, sailing directly across the Atlantic, he arrived at Bonavista Bay, on the northern coast of Newfoundland. The ice which he found here made it impossible for him to safely anchor in the Bay, and he was compelled to put in at a haven named St Catherine's. Remaining here for some days he repaired his ships and then sailed north-west. Reaching a small island he named it the Isle of Birds because of the large numbers of birds seen there. Laying in a good store of these, Cartier continued his voyage to the north-west.

He now found his way impeded by ice and stormy weather, so much so that he had perforce to anchor in a harbour, from which, after a prolonged stay, he set out to the south-west. Here he discovered the St James river, and a harbour to which he gave his own name, because it "was the best haven in the world." But good harbours are not everything, and Cartier was terribly disappointed at the barren aspect of the land he had discovered. So upset was he that in his report to the King of France, he said, "I believe it was the land God allotted to Cain."

Leaving this inhospitable land, he sailed yet further south, landing first at one place and then at another, seeing strange sights and meeting strange people, oftentimes coming into conflict with the natives who were very treacherous. Cartier soon put to flight

such as attacked them, firing off his guns, a proceeding that had the desired effect ; the natives fleeing in terror, and leaving the mariners to themselves.

Pleasant relations were however established in other places, and much bartering took place. Cartier was now on the coast of what was afterwards called New Brunswick : to the bay in which he was anchored he gave its present name of Chaleur Bay—or the Bay of Heat—from the heat of the Canadian summer, which they were now experiencing.

On 12th July the mariners left Chaleur Bay, and, sailing eighteen leagues to the east, reached a cape to which they gave the name Cape Prato (Cape Farillon). From hence they attempted to sail north and east, but, bad weather prevailing, they were compelled to give up the attempt, and entered the mouth of a large river, the St Lawrence. The weather continuing unfavourable, they remained in the river for several days, sailing up it to a distance of seven or eight leagues. Their intercourse with the natives was pleasant, and on the 24th Cartier erected a high cross surmounted by a shield containing the French arms and the words *Vive le Roi de France* (Long live the King of France), thus taking possession of the land. This caused some unpleasantness, for the native chief, who seemed to understand what it involved, resented the erection of the cross ; Cartier, however, reassured him, presenting him and his subjects with various trinkets with which they were much pleased. Moreover, he consented to two of his children being taken to France, on condition that they should be brought back, and promised that the cross should not be removed.

Cartier now thought it time to be sailing once more, intending to continue his explorations, but the weather

again proving contrary, he decided to return home, and the mariners arrived there on 5th September, after an arduous and dangerous voyage.

Cartier's achievement was appreciated by Francis, and in token thereof he was sent out once more to prosecute the exploration of the St Lawrence. About 19th May 1535, he left St Malo in command of a fleet of three ships, and after a stormy passage, during which the ships were separated, they all met safely at Newfoundland, whence the explorers passing Cape Thiennot (Cape Montjoli) and proceeding on their way, discovered several islands of varying sizes; some seven leagues beyond Cape Thiennot they found a good-sized harbour which they named St Nicholas Haven, and erected a cross to serve as a guide to any who might at a later date follow in their wake. The coast around here was very dangerous owing to shelves of rock which ran out far into the sea, and a great number of shoals and sand banks. They were fortunate enough not to suffer any accidents here, and after having rested in St Nicholas Haven for some days, on the 7th of August they set sail southward towards Cape Robast. The weather was against them, and as they could find no safe anchorage they retraced their course northward and came into a great gulf, giving it the name of the Gulf of St Lawrence. Sailing westward on the 12th, they reached the island of Assumption (Anticosti Island). Arrived here, the two natives whom they had taken to France on their previous voyage told them of a river to the south whereby they could sail into Canada and find goodly store of copper, saying that it was "the great river Hocheloga (the St Lawrence) and ready way into Canada, which river went the narrower it came, even into Canada, and that then there was

fresh water (meaning, no doubt, one of the great lakes), which went so far upward that they had never heard of any man who had gone to the head of it."

Cartier's curiosity was aroused and he sailed into this river—its mouth was about thirty leagues broad—passing by high mountains with trees growing down to the water's edge.

They discovered an island which, from the number of filbert trees that covered it, they named Filbert Isle; some distance beyond this they came to a group of islands, on one of which, the Isle of Bacchus—so called because of its abundance of vines—they found a native village, and Cartier distributed various gifts among the natives. The chief had a high-sounding name and title—Donnacona, the Lord of Canada—and he received the voyagers kindly. Upon hearing of Cartier's intention to sail right up the river, he expressed his unwillingness that the idea should be carried into effect. Cartier's two natives now deserted him and joined their protests with those of Donnacona, who evidently foresaw trouble from the coming of the strangers. He presented Cartier with several native children as bribes, but seeing that he was determined to go on, had recourse to a ruse. He dressed up three men like devils, being wrapped in white and black dog's skins, their faces besmeared as black as coal, with horns on their heads more than a yard long. They were secretly put into a boat, which was allowed to drift past Cartier's ships. The disguised natives then stood up, made a long oration—apparently quite unconscious of the presence of the ships—and then went back to land, where from the woods echoes of voices were carried on the wind to the ships. The explanation of this strange device came in the morning. Cartier's two natives came to the

shore, striking their breasts with much protestation of woe, and announced that the great God had sent those three messengers with the news that Hocheloga was so cold that death must come upon all who ventured thither !

Needless to say Cartier was not deterred by such a vain show, and on the 19th of September he embarked in a pinnace and two boats, and went up the river with the tide. They seemed to have come to a fair land, for there was great abundance of vines loaded with sufficient grapes to make a river of wine ! There were animals and birds of all kinds, and everywhere they went the natives were kindly disposed.

After about twelve days sailing up the river, Cartier reached Hocheloga, where a crowd of a thousand natives came out to greet him, with many signs of gladness.

The day after their arrival Cartier and his officers, decked out in their most imposing costumes, inspected Hocheloga. Cartier, reporting to his royal master, gave a very lengthy description of the town, but with that we need not concern ourselves. Everywhere the mariners were received with native courtliness, and they learned of a place where copper and silver were to be obtained. During the tour, Cartier and his men ascended a high mountain which he named Mount Royal, and from this the great town of Montreal later took its name.

After seven days the explorers returned to the group of islands of which Donnacona was chief. It was about mid-October when he arrived here, and as the season was so far advanced Cartier was compelled to winter here. Thus until March they remained "in the midst of ice two fathoms depth, and snow four foot high and more, higher than the sides of the ships."

Their sojourn was anything but pleasant, for, al-

though they found out many strange things concerning the country, and built a fort as a protection in case of attack from the natives, a dreadful unknown disease broke out, first among the natives and then among the explorers. Some twenty-five men died—on one of them a crude post-mortem examination was held, but without any result—and many more would no doubt have succumbed but for the discovery of a native cure, made from the boiled leaves of a tree, supposed to be the Sassafras, which produced a drink that worked miracles, healing the mariners, not only of the terrible scourge which had visited them, but of “what other disease soever” they had.

When at last the winter was over, and the ships could be worked, Cartier began to think of returning to France. He determined, however, to carry Donnacona with him, and on 3rd May effected his capture and conveyed him, with several other natives, on board. Donnacona's subjects fled in dismay, returning at night and lifting up their voices in lamentation at the loss of their chief. Donnacona, however, was reassured as to his safety, and told his followers that they need not fear for him, as he would return in a year's time.

That business disposed of, Cartier set sail on 5th May, reached Newfoundland on 16th June, and arrived safely at St Malo on 6th July 1536.

The report of Cartier to Francis I., of the country he had discovered and the possible wealth to be extracted therefrom in the form of copper, etc., seems to have aroused the cupidity of the King. He determined that the country should not slip from his grasp, and in 1540, Cartier was once more sent out to Canada, in command of five ships, to further explore its resources. A

Governor—Frances Roberval—was appointed, and was to have sailed with the new expedition, but circumstances prevented his going at once, and when Cartier sailed from St Malo on 23rd May, he went invested, temporarily, with the powers of governor.

After varying weather, Cartier's ships arrived at Newfoundland, whence he sailed to the island in the St Lawrence where he had wintered on his previous voyage. He had to convey to the natives that Donnacona was dead, information which was not unwelcome to the native whom Donnacona had left in charge during his absence. Cartier also told them something that was false, namely, that the other natives he had taken with him were married, and were now great lords in France : as a matter of fact they had all—with one exception—died.

Four leagues from the island Cartier found a desirable place in which to cast anchor, and landing some guns he made a fort. He then sent two of his five ships home to France with the news that Roberval had not yet arrived.

A small colony now sprang up, and the land around was cultivated with European vegetables. The virgin character of the soil rendered cultivation easy—indeed it needed but eight days for seeds to spring up ! Quartz crystals—which they took for diamonds—were found, as also was a bed of iron, and the country abounded in vines and fruit trees of various kinds. It appears that nothing much was done on this voyage—at any rate, the record of it has been lost : Cartier seems to have gone some distance up the river, but the natives proved dangerous, and he decided to leave the country and return to France, carrying with him various products of the country.

He arrived at Newfoundland in June 1542, where he met Roberval on his way to Canada. He reported to him the reason of his return, but still dwelt enthusiastically upon the riches of the new land. Roberval, on the strength of this, remonstrated with him for leaving a task but half begun, and commanded him to accompany the Canada-bound fleet. Cartier, however, had had enough, and under cover of the night stole away and resumed his voyage to France.

Roberval eventually arrived at the St Lawrence, and founded a new settlement there, giving it the name of France-Roy. Here he spent the winter, suffering somewhat from scarcity of provisions. More than this, about fifty of the Frenchmen died from scurvy, and the sufferings probably caused a mutiny, for Roberval had to have recourse to stern measures, hanging one man, putting others in irons, and in some cases punishing by whipping, both men and women : " by which means " says the chronicler, " they lived in quiet."

But the colony did not prosper. Roberval returned to France, being probably conveyed thence by Cartier, whose later life is shrouded in obscurity.

Thus was Canada discovered—and although these earliest voyagers were not successful in settling the country, in later years France managed to obtain a secure footing from which, however, they were ultimately dislodged by England at Quebec.

CHAPTER XVIII

Voyages to the North-East

IT is now time for us to enter upon the story of the part played by England in the work of exploration. We have seen how the Portuguese had reached India by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope: how Spain attained the same goal by passing through the Straits of Magellan—incidentally bringing to light a hitherto unsuspected continent: and how France had achieved a part in the glory of opening up this new world.

Except for the voyage of John Cabot in 1497, and a few minor expeditions, England had lagged behind, but she was now to take her place upon the stage, and where other nations had sown the seed she was to reap the harvest. England had hitherto mainly confined herself to home administration and the affairs of her near neighbours, but the time had come for her sons to begin to lay the foundations of the world-wide empire of which we are all so proud.

The difference between the English voyages and those of foreign predecessors in the field is a striking one. Generally speaking it consists in this: that whereas the latter had only to contend against adverse elements and inhospitable natives, the former, for every yard they gained, had also to do battle in most cases with the Spanish or Portuguese. The story of how England by means of her bold and fearless sea-dogs, accomplished

her great work, provides some of the most stirring chapters in the history of the British Empire.

But if England had to fight her way chiefly into the New World, there were a good many peaceful voyages undertaken, and these chiefly concern the attempts made to discover a third and fourth sea route to India. These take their place in history as the search for the "North-West" and "North-East" Passages.

Before we come to deal with the fight for supremacy in the New World, it is therefore necessary for us to record some of the most important expeditions undertaken by Englishmen in their search for these routes to India.

After the death of John Cabot, his son Sebastian was sent by Henry VII. on a voyage to the north-west. Doubtless Henry was impelled to this course by the accounts of the success of Columbus and of the Portuguese. He sent to the north-west because he did not wish to come into conflict with Spain and Portugal, as he must have done had his voyagers gone in any other direction. However that may be, Cabot set out from Bristol in 1498, convinced that by sailing in his chosen course he would "by a shorter track come into India."

He went out with two vessels: and after sailing certain days, reached land, running ever to the north—"which" he says, "was to me a great displeasure." Still, he kept on for some while longer, but finding the land now turned toward the east, he doubled upon his course, and eventually finished up his voyage at Florida, from whence, having failed to discover his sought-for passage, he returned to England, taking with him three natives from Newfoundland as a present to the King.

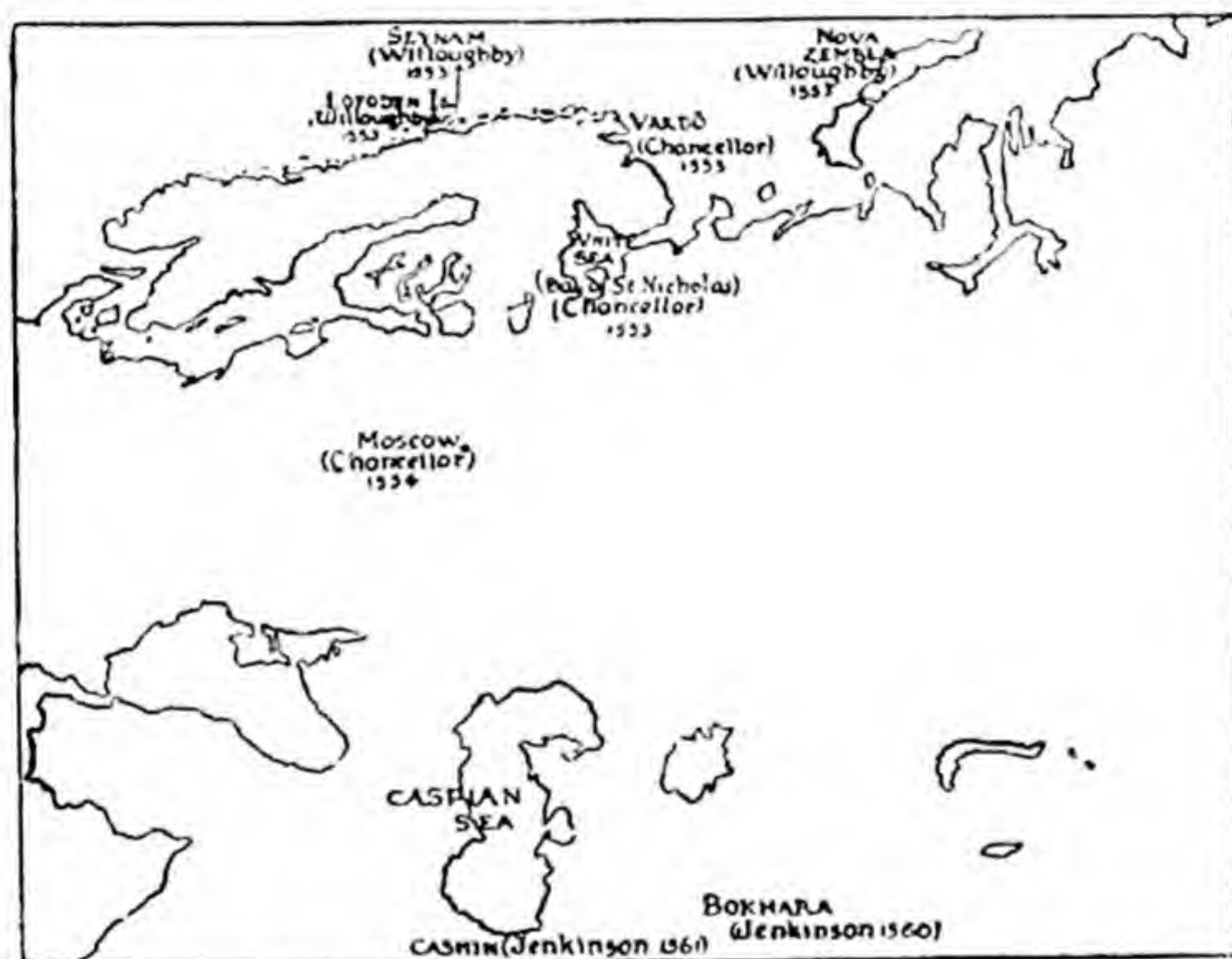
Sebastian sailed no more to the north-west. The financial failure of this and his father's expedition,

apparently caused Henry to lose his enthusiasm: and moreover Cabot had gone dangerously near where Spain had penetrated. Seeing that Henry had no more use for him, Cabot left England and, entering the service of Spain, was made pilot major of Spain, and went on an unsuccessful expedition to the river La Plata in South America. Upon his return, his crew, who had mutinied while on the voyage, complained against him, with the result that he was cast into prison. Returning to England in 1548, he was granted a pension by King Edward VI., and, after carrying out various duties concerned with European trade, he founded the "Company of Merchant Adventurers, for the Discovery of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknown." Cabot was made its first governor, and in addition to the object set forth in the sounding title, the further aim of the Company was to seek a passage to Cathay by way of the north-east.

During the intervening years of Cabot's unsuccessful voyage, the English voyages to the north-west had been barren in results. An expedition of two ships was fitted out in 1527, by a canon of St Paul's, but only succeeded in reaching Labrador; while in 1536, a lawyer, named Master Hore, accompanied by a good number of English gentlemen, set out for the north-west, to endeavour to find the passage. Their two ships were named *The Trinity* and *The Minion* and they left Gravesend in April 1536. The expedition was ill-starred for, arriving in Newfoundland, provisions ran out, and they were almost at the point of death from starvation. They were indeed about to cast lots to see who should be slain to provide food for the rest, when a French ship hove in sight. It was well victualled, which, when Master Hore and his fellows discovered the fact, they accounted sufficient reason why they should

take possession of her. Thus did they return to England, having had sufficient of the hardships of exploration.

Such unprofitable voyages served to cool the enthusiasm of the English for the discovery of the North-West Passage, and as a result of this more attention was given to the possibility of a North-East Passage to



Cathay, and the Company of Merchant Adventurers came into being. Cabot superintended the preparations for the first voyage to the north-east, to be undertaken by Sir Hugh Willoughby in command of three ships. When everything was ready he handed to the adventurers their instructions, in which they were exhorted to be loyal to the King and to each other, while King Edward VI. gave Willoughby a letter

addressed "to the Kings, Princes and other Potentates, inhabiting the north-east parts of the world, toward the mighty Empire of Cathay" beseeching that they "permit these our servants free passage by your regions and dominions: for they shall not touch anything of yours unwillingly to you." This letter was written in various languages, including Latin and Greek.

Thus equipped for their peaceful though perilous voyage, the adventurers left Ratcliffe on 10th May 1553. Willoughby had with him, on board one of the other vessels, Richard Chancellor as his chief officer. So slow and laborious was their passage that by 30th May they had only reached Yarmouth, and it was not until 27th July that they arrived at the Lofoden Isles. The sea was dotted with islands, and the people of a friendly disposition.

Thence they sailed north-east, reaching an island called Seynam in the latitude of 70° . Here, however, their misfortunes commenced. A storm arose and raged with such fury that one of the ships, the *Edward Bonaventure*, on which Chancellor sailed, was separated from the others, and Willoughby never saw her again. When the storm had abated the other two ships proceeded on their journey, and on 14th September appear to have reached Nova Zembla; but the weather being against them, they put back to a haven in Lapland named Arzina, where Willoughby considered it advisable to winter.

"This haven," wrote Willoughby, in a letter found with his body some time after, "runneth into the main about two leagues and is in breadth half a league, wherein were very many seal fishes and other great fishes; and upon the main we saw bears, great deer, foxes, with divers other strange beasts. We sent out three men south-south-west, to search if they could find people:

they went three days' journey but could find none : and after that we sent out three more westward four days' journey, who also returned without finding any people. Then sent we three men south-east three days' journey, who in like sort returned without finding any people, or any similitude of habitation."

Thus ends the record of Willoughby's voyage, and also the lives of himself and his companions, for in 1554, some Russian fishermen, putting in at Arzina, discovered the dead bodies of the voyagers. These brave explorers seemed to have passed through terrible experiences from the cold, and their death followed as a result of inexperience in "making caves and stoves," as a protection against the severity of the weather.

While Willoughby was freezing to death in Lapland, Richard Chancellor in the *Edward Bonaventure* was continuing on his way to the completion of the journey.

When the fleet had been separated at Seynam, Chancellor's ship had managed to weather the storm, and was steered for Wardhouse (Vardö) in Norway, which had been appointed as a place of meeting in case of such an emergency as this. They had some misgivings as to the fate of Willoughby and his fellows, and, says Clement Adams, a learned young schoolmaster who wrote the story of Chancellor's voyage, "if the cruelty of death hath taken hold of them, God send them a Christian grave and sepulchre." We have already seen how these men who were "worthy of a better fortune" met the fate that was feared for them.

Arriving at Wardhouse, Chancellor tarried seven days to see if by chance his lost companions were coming. He waited in vain, and proposing to set sail once more, was about to do so, when some Scotsmen

appeared on the scene. These used every means in their power to dissuade him from venturing forth on so arduous a journey, dwelling with much intensity upon the dangers to be encountered in penetrating into so desolate a region. Chancellor listened very patiently to their persuasions—and ignored them. His men were one with him in his intentions to go on, and he therefore left Wardhouse “and sailed so far that he came at last to the place where he found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun, shining clearly upon the huge and mighty sea.”

Sailing therefore under these arctic skies, undimmed by the coming of night, they eventually reached a “certain great bay” which they called the Bay of St Nicholas (really the White Sea). Here they cast anchor, and spying some natives on shore endeavoured to get into touch with them, with a view to finding out what country they were in. The appearance of the white-sailed ship, which for size over-matched anything they were accustomed to, filled the natives with fear: a fear which was increased when a boat carrying strange beings put off and headed for the shore. They fled, but being pursued, and overtaken, threw themselves down at the feet of the strangers, tendering them a sort of crude worship. Chancellor, however, used them with kindness and courtesy, which produced such a marked and good impression upon the natives that the people of the whole neighbourhood showed them much friendliness.

From them Chancellor learned that their country was named “Russia or Muscovie; and that Ivan Vasiliwich (which was at that time their King’s name) ruled and governed far and wide in those places.” Chancellor, on his part, proclaimed whence he came and petitioned

them to get him an audience with Ivan, in order that he might present him King Edward VI.'s letter, and receive permission to trade.

The Russians promised to do all they could for him in this matter. But in the meantime Chancellor wanted to trade, and the Russians dare not until they received permission from their King. The messengers they had despatched had a long journey before them—the Emperor was at Moscow—and Chancellor grew impatient, and threatened to continue his journey unless they traded at once.

Now, the Englishmen had many things whereof the Russians desired possession, and rather than allow these strangers to depart, they risked their Emperor's displeasure, and agreed to conduct them at once to Moscow without waiting for the imperial instructions.

Chancellor, therefore, commenced his journey across Russia. It was a new and strange experience for him : he travelled by sledges, a mode of travelling, says the narrator, occasioned by "the exceeding hardness of the ground congealed in the winter time by the force of the cold, which in those places is very extreme and horrible."

On the way they fell in with the messengers who had been sent to the Emperor : they had lost their way on the return journey, but they carried with them the Imperial permission, and a request that the strangers should come to Moscow.

At last after having travelled some fifteen hundred miles, Chancellor arrived at Moscow "the chief city of the kingdom, and the seat of the kings ; of which city, and of the Emperor himself, and of the principal cities of Moscovie, we will speak immediately more at large in this discourse"—a promise which Clement Adams

redeemed to an astonishing extent. With his recital of the glories of Moscow and Russia and its Emperor, we need not concern ourselves. We may fitly conclude the story of this first voyage of Englishmen to Russia, by way of the Arctic Sea, by saying that Chancellor was received in courteous manner by the Emperor, and was handed letters for Edward VI., granting permission for traffic between England and Russia.

Chancellor, elated at his success, and still all-unconscious of the sad fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby, went back to his ship, and set out for London, where, despite the fact that on the way he was robbed by "Flemings," he arrived in 1555, to find that his letters to King Edward VI. were to be handed to Queen Mary I.

Although Chancellor had not discovered the North-East Passage he had effected a good work in thus opening up communications between England and Russia, and the Company of Merchant Adventurers, now known as the Muscovy Company, was not slow to avail itself of the opportunity for trade.

Many expeditions were sent out, and an extensive trade eventually established between England and Russia. English factories were set up at various places in the latter country, and English merchants were given permission to travel through Russia; and the Emperor wishing, so it is said, to obtain the hand of Queen Elizabeth, sent over ambassadors to the Court at London. Still, the chief end of all, namely the discovery of a sea-passage to Cathay, was not attained. But the intrepid English penetrated far into unknown Russia, one Anthony Jenkinson, indeed, in 1557-1560 crossing Russia from Archangel, and, sailing over the Caspian Sea, accompanied a caravan across the desert to Bokhara in Turkestan, where he arrived after various adventures, running

the risk of death from roving bands of Tartars, and where he managed to trade very profitably with the merchants who came thither, bearing many of the precious commodities of the eastern wonderland.

So successful had he been that next year, 1561, he set out once more, this time proposing to go to Casbin, where the Sophi of Persia kept his court. He reached his destination, and although his reception was anything but friendly, he at least had the satisfaction of knowing that he was the first Englishman to penetrate so far inland into Asia. Albeit he had not discovered either a sea-passage, or an overland route to India, this latter becoming the object of many journeys in the next few years. Alas, none of them were successful; indeed, in some cases resulting only in disaster. It is impossible to linger over the recital of these, as matters more urgent, and destined to have a more far-reaching effect upon the future of England, demand our attention, forming as they do some of the most romantic and dramatic scenes in the history of maritime enterprise.

CHAPTER XIX

The Call of the North-West

I. FROBISHER

THE failure of Jenkinson, and those who followed him, to find the north-east passage to Cathay, had the effect of reviving the idea of there being a north-west passage ; Sir Humphrey Gilbert had been busy pondering over the subject, and in 1574 his thought bore fruit for he then wrote " A Discourse to prove a passage by the north-west to Cathaia, and the East Indies," and his appeal was so effective in those days of daring and adventurous enterprise, that in 1576 an expedition commanded by Martin Frobisher was sent out to prove whether Gilbert was right or wrong.

Martin Frobisher was born somewhere about the year 1535. In 1554 he went on a voyage to Guinea, while the year 1571 saw him engaged in service round the coast of Ireland. It was while here that he made the acquaintance of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which led to his being placed in command of the expedition to seek for the passage Gilbert had so strenuously and eloquently supported.

In 1575, therefore, Queen Elizabeth granted a license to Frobisher, empowering him to venture forth on his voyage of discovery. It was on 7th June of 1576 that he set sail from Ratcliffe. The expedition consisted

of two small vessels of twenty-five tons—the *Gabriel* (on board of which was Frobisher), the *Michael*, and a pinnace of ten tons. At Deptford the pinnace had to be repaired, which being done, the small fleet once more set out, making the best show they could by discharging their guns. Elizabeth was on shore watching them, and the mariners were gratified by seeing Her Majesty salute them by a wave of the hand.

Followed by the royal blessing, Frobisher left the Thames, and on 24th June sighted Fair Island, the most northerly point of the Orkneys, passed the Shetlands the next day, and then sailed due north-west reaching the Island of Friesland (in reality Cape Farewell in Greenland) on 11th July. Frobisher now found it very difficult and dangerous to make much headway, owing to the thick fogs which enveloped the ships, and made it extremely hard to avoid being crushed by icebergs, which continually bore down upon them. July 28th saw the danger passed, for the fog lifted and they saw land in the distance, which they took to be Labrador: to reach the shore was impossible, however, owing to the ice which surrounded it.

Leaving Labrador, therefore, they passed a headland on the 31st, and on 1st August were terrified by a great iceberg breaking in two and falling almost over their ships with “a noise as if a great cliff had fallen into the sea.”

About this time Frobisher lost his pinnace and four men, and the men on board the *Michael*, fearful of the dangers that seemed to await them in this cold and dreary sea turned their vessel homeward, and, reaching Bristol, spread the report that Frobisher was lost.

Frobisher, nothing dismayed by these misfortunes, continued on his way; but his ship was in a pretty bad

state, having lost her topmast. Shortly after his other ship had deserted him he discovered land again, to which he gave the name of Queen Elizabeth's Foreland. Sailing northwards from thence, he hailed with delight the sight of still more land. Frobisher now thought he had discovered the strait he sought, for between these two points was "a great gut, bay, or passage." In exultation at his success he called it Frobisher's Strait. "The land on his right hand as he sailed westward, he judged to be Asia, and there to be divided from the firm (land) of America, which lieth upon the left hand."

As a matter of fact he had discovered two points in Baffin Land, and his "strait" is the opening now known as Frobisher's Bay. On a map published in 1578, this "strait" is shown leading direct into the sea washing the coasts of Asia, and the land all around is named "Meta Incognita."

Frobisher sailed some sixty leagues up this opening without coming to an end of it, and at last landed upon the shore, where he had a narrow escape from some Eskimos who, seeing the strangers, set out with the intention of capturing them. He managed, however, to regain the ship, and then sent some men ashore with presents for the natives. Friendly relations were thus established, and Frobisher visited their village and trafficked with them for skins.

The Eskimos proved traitorous, however, for they made five men prisoners and, do what he would, Frobisher was unable to get any news of them.

In revenge he captured one of the natives to take to England in token of his far journey. This he succeeded in doing by "deceiving the deceivers." The Eskimos had evinced a strong liking for toys, especially bells, and Frobisher rang one to attract the attention of the

natives and then threw it in their direction, but not far enough to reach them. When he saw that their curiosity was aroused, a larger one was rung and then thrown nearer to the natives who in their anxiety to obtain the coveted prize had ventured closer to the boats. One of the natives seized it as it fell, and like a shot a burly sailor jumped overboard and caught hold of him and dragged him with such force that he was hauled on board one of Frobisher's boats. The Eskimo's mortification at being thus caught was such that he bit his tongue right through!

Frobisher now set out for home, carrying his captive with him (who, by the way, contracted a cold on the journey and died soon after landing in England). He arrived at Harwich on 2nd October and reached London shortly afterwards "where he was highly commended for his great and notable attempt, but was specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathay."

But Frobisher brought back with him more than the hope of the passage. That was intangible, but the black stone he brought, which the assayers declared to contain gold in great quantity, was something tangible, and worth following up. It was this gold-laden stone which occasioned the dispatch of Frobisher in 1577 on a second voyage to the north-west.

Certain gentlemen being now interested in the exploration of the north-west, the project of this second voyage was soon carried into effect, all sorts of persons sought to become shareholders in the enterprise, the idea of the new voyage, however, being more the discovery of gold ore than the prosecution of the search for the strait.

This time the fleet consisted of three vessels, the

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Michael and *Gabriel* as before, and one ship the *Aid* furnished by Queen Elizabeth and captained by Edward Fenton; and it was on 26th May 1577 that the expedition set out from Blackwall. Taking the same course as on the previous voyage, Frobisher passed Cape Farewell on 4th July, experiencing the same old dangers from fog and ice. From here he steered for "Frobisher's Strait," and on the way had the misfortune to suffer hardship from a storm, in which the *Michael* was badly battered. At last the ships reached the strait, but were unable to enter owing to the mouth being blocked with ice.

Frobisher landed at Queen Elizabeth's Foreland as before, taking his gold assayers with him, and sought for more ore. None was found. Whereupon the men set out to other islands round about, and found what they sought.

For several days the neighbouring land was explored and much ore found: sometimes the natives were friendly, at others hostile. One day two of them, after having trafficked with Frobisher, attempted his life. Frobisher managed to escape, and the natives ran away. A Cornishman from one of the ships set off in pursuit, overtook them, and showed them a trick in wrestling, to such good effect that he captured one of them and brought him on board. Various dangers threatened the expedition; on one occasion the *Aid* caught fire, and hardly had it been extinguished than the ships were nearly run down by an iceberg.

At last, on 23rd July, the ice drifted out of the "strait" and the ships sailed in, and anchored in Jackman's Sound (so named from the mate of the *Aid*, who was first to sight it). Landing on a small island in the "strait," Frobisher found a silver mine which proved to be difficult to work, and a goodly store of his precious

gold ore. Proceeding to the land on the south (which he supposed to be the mainland of America) he took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and marched inland. The land was barren and moreover yielded no ore, therefore Frobisher in the *Aid* went farther up the "strait" and reached an island which they named Warwick Island, where "was found good store of ore which in the washing held gold, to our thinking, plainly to be seen: whereupon it was thought best rather to load here, where there was store and indifferent good, than to seek farther for better, and spend time in jeopardy."

The ships had been separated for some time, each company doing something to further exploration; now they all come together at Warwick Island, and one of the captains reported that at a bay called York Sound he had, in a native village, beheld the apparel of the five Englishmen who had been lost on the previous voyage.

Treating the natives kindly he left a letter, paper, pen and ink, on the chance that they might fall into the hands of the Englishmen, and so put them in possession of the knowledge of Frobisher's presence.

Upon Frobisher hearing this news he decided to send to the village to seek information: and the captain of the *Michael* (who had brought the news) and a large company of men set out for the village, and a severe bit of fighting took place. As fast as the English shot arrows at the natives the latter plucked them out of the wounds, and returned them to the senders. Finding the fight going against them, the poor natives who were wounded threw themselves off the rocks into the sea rather than be captured. The superior arms of the English soon put the rest to flight—all except two women and a child, who were captured. One of the women was

old, ugly, and deformed; wherefore the superstitious sailors imagined her to be a devil, or at best a witch, and took off her skin shoes to see if her feet were cloven! Finding they were quite normal, they let her go, but carried the younger woman and child aboard. The captured men were not found, and after waiting for a long time, and getting no news, and having freighted his ship with about two hundred tons of the ore he sought, Frobisher decided to return to England, leaving the further exploration of the strait for a later voyage.

The homeward journey was beset with dangers from storms, and the ships were separated. However, they all reached England at last, and Frobisher was received at court and commended by Good Queen Bess.

The ore when tested was found to be practically valueless, and yet the enthusiasm of the Court and the merchants concerned did not die. A third expedition was fitted out, this time of fifteen vessels, and Frobisher was once more put in command.

Before he left he had an audience of Her Majesty, who presented him with a chain of gold, and bade him farewell.

On 31st May 1578 the expedition left the Thames. A new route was taken along the south coast of England, past Cape Clear in Ireland: and on 2nd July, they came to the Queen's Foreland. Once more the "strait" was blocked with ice. Two of the ships were lost sight of, and one was sunk. The storms were severe, the fog thick, and Frobisher took the wrong opening, and instead of sailing up into his old "strait" he went up what proved to be an entirely new one, and was indeed the strait later on to be named the Hudson Strait. On a contemporary map it is called "The Mistaken Streights." A conference of captains was called, and, although

Frobisher was convinced that he was in the wrong strait, in order to allay any discontent that might arise if his men found they really had gone wrong, persuaded the crews that they were in the right course. Later on he is said to have confessed that if it had not been that he was responsible for the safety of the fleet, he believed he could have sailed direct to Cathay.

Several of the ships were lost, but Frobisher, with the remainder, pushed his way along the mistaken strait for a good distance, but finding no outlet—a fact which helped to convince him that he had really found the passage—and because of his responsibility, turned back and made for the open sea. On the way he saw an opening (Gabriel Strait) which he believed must lead into Frobisher's Strait. To prove this he sent one vessel by that way, and himself and the rest of the fleet, went back to the sea. The way back was beset with dangers of fog, and ice, and rocks, and it was indeed only by a miracle that any of the ships escaped shipwreck, the currents often driving almost on shore.

At last the immediate danger was past, the old strait recovered, and the ships anchored off the Countess of Warwick Island. Several of the ships which had been separated from the fleets now turned up again, as did also the vessel he had sent through the Gabriel Strait.

As can be imagined their reunion was a joyful one. But no time was lost in useless congratulations, for Frobisher, ever mindful of his purpose, at once set about seeking for gold ore.

On one island a mine of ore was discovered, of such plenty that "it was to be thought that it might reasonably suffice all the gold gluttons of the world," and Frobisher saw to it that a goodly cargo was taken on board the ships.

Then he called a council of the captains, and considered the possibility and desirability of further discovery. No one seemed anxious to continue the voyage: the best part of the time they were enveloped in fog, and surrounded by drifting ice; while the cold was so intense as to make it all but impossible to work the ships because the ropes were frozen hard; and moreover, the men were fearful lest, if they stayed longer, they might not be able to return at all that year. Therefore it was decided best to return home, and after a severe passage, nearly the whole of the fleet arrived in England on 1st October—albeit they were separated and some reached one port and some another.

Frobisher was doomed to disappointment, for the ore that he had discovered and laboured so much to convey to England, proved to be utterly worthless. The assayers, for some reason or another, had deceived him; and his patrons, and the money the latter had invested, and the labour and earnestness the voyagers had put into the venture, were alike thrown away. Frobisher came into discredit, and no more voyages for the discovery of the North-West Passage were made by him.

Spitzbergen
(Hudson 1607)

Hudson's Territory
(Jan Mayen)
(Hudson 1607)



CHAPTER XX

The Call of the North-West—*continued*

II. DAVIS

ALTHOUGH it is anticipating somewhat, it will perhaps be appropriate to tell here the story of the voyages of John Davis and Henry Hudson in search of the North-West Passage.

These voyages, like those of Willoughby, Chancellor, Jenkinson, and Frobisher, were failures so far as the ultimate object of their quest was concerned, yet like these others they were successful in geographical discovery.

John Davis, a bold son of Devon, was chosen for the command of an expedition financed by Sir Francis Walsingham and a company of English merchants, who, despite the failure of Frobisher, were still hopeful that the North-West Passage might be found. The vessels were but two and the largest was fifty tons, frail enough barks in all conscience for so great an undertaking! But these old-time seamen were nothing if not brave, and small or large though their ships might be, they dared anything the sea might have in store for them.

Davis left Dartmouth on 7th June 1585, and by the 20th had reached Greenland. So dreary did this land first appear that he named it the Land of Desolation; but sailing round Cape Farewell he passed along its

western shore and was gratified to find "many green and pleasant isles." The natives were not afraid of the adventurers, and came aboard and exchanged things. They also indicated that to the north-west was a great sea, and Davis shaped his course accordingly, "thinking thereby to pass for China: but in the latitude of 64°, we fell in with another shore (a portion of the *Meta Incognita* discovered by Frobisher, and there found another passage (Cumberland Sound) of twenty leagues broad directly west into the same. This we supposed to be our hoped strait, and entered into the same thirty or forty leagues, finding it neither to widen nor straighten." The men began to murmur now because their provisions were getting scarce, and Davis, seeing it would be impossible to succeed without food, considered it advisable to return to England, where he arrived on 29th September.

Reporting his measure of success to Walsingham, and affirming his belief that he had actually succeeded in finding the much-sought passage, Davis was "appointed again the second year (1586) to search the bottom of this strait, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for." So convincing had the arguments of Davis been, that a great number of merchants ventured their money on this new expedition, and this time his fleet numbered four, and his provisions were sufficient for six months. His instructions were "to search this strait until he found it fall into another sea upon the west side of this part of America."

Leaving Dartmouth on 7th May, Greenland was reached, and once again the natives with whom they came into contact referred them to a great sea towards the north. While here one of his ships left him. Whether it was at the command of Davis, or whether they went

because the captain and crew were dissatisfied at something, is not clear : accounts differ, but Davis himself says that they went because they were discontented. The deserters do not seem to have achieved anything : and nothing is known of them. Previous to this Davis had sent two of his vessels in another direction to seek for a passage between Greenland and Iceland. They do not appear to have been very successful so far as trading was concerned, nor did they find the passage ; all they seem to have done in fact, was to sail along the Greenland shores, make the acquaintance of the natives, trade with them for furs, and—play a game of football with them. The record does not give the number of goals scored by either side ; so we must perforce for ever remain in ignorance of the result of one of the most amazing football matches ever played ! One of the ships was lost and the other returned to England a few days after Davis reached home.

As for Davis, he pursued his way all alone, and sailed along the coast of North America, ever searching for the passage to Cathay. Many times he imagined he had found it—but was not able to follow it up. He discovered great numbers of small islands, and found that the sea abounded in codfish, of which he caught a great number. Sailing close to one of the islands, they were sharply received by the natives, who let fly their arrows at them with such effect that two of the men were killed. To make matters worse a storm arose which threatened to drive them ashore amongst these unfriendly natives. The storm passed away, however, and with the ship well-laden with codfish Davis returned to England.

Upon his return he found that one of the vessels had returned and brought back a large cargo of furs, which

fact he reported to one of the chief merchants concerned, dwelling with such confidence upon the possibilities for trade in the north-west that in 1587, the year when England was on thorns regarding the coming of the Spanish Armada, Davis went on his third and last voyage to the north-west. At midnight on 19th May three vessels weighed anchor at Portsmouth, and on 16th June came to North America. Here two of the vessel were left to fish for cod, and Davis in the smallest vessel, really only a small pinnace, set out on his voyage of discovery.

This time he sailed northward and entered into the strait which now bears his name. Sailing between Greenland and America he bravely pushed his way farther north than any had been before him into what was later re-discovered by Baffin and called Baffin Bay. Instead of going directly north however, he turned to the westward in pursuance of his object, and was elated to find that the open sea was ever before—a fact which he took to be a sign that he was at last about to establish the existence of the passage. He was, however, unable to proceed far enough, and after having “reached 73° and finding the sea all open, and forty leagues between land and land” he had to return to England. The death in 1590 of Walsingham, who had been his staunch supporter and patron throughout, now made Davis unable to proceed to the further exploration of the passage which he was positive he had discovered.

III. HUDSON

The voyages of Henry Hudson demand attention because of their interest, and the tragic end of the navigator. True is it that others besides Frobisher and

Davis had been westward before him; and yet it remained for him to venture farther than any of them, and to impress his name, as a memorial of his labours, on more than one place in the New World.

His first voyage, undertaken for the Muscovy Company, was in 1607, on May day of which year he set sail from the Thames in a small ship, the *Hopewell*—happy name for a vessel embarked on such a venture! It was a ship of less than a hundred tons, and with a crew of only ten men and a boy, Hudson's young son Jack. With such slender equipment he proposed to seek the passage which more than one hardy navigator had sought, and sought in vain.

By 13th June, Greenland's icy mountains were sighted. Hugging the eastern shore for a time the whole coast towered above them, the eternal ice reflecting the sun's rays with wondrous beauty. Then turning to the northeast, they came to the coast of Spitzbergen where they were in great danger of being wrecked, now because of floating ice, and again owing to the thick fog which enveloped them. Moreover high winds and heavy seas threatened to drive them headlong to the pack ice. Through such dangers and such obstacles, these hardy navigators pursued their way, and succeeded in reaching the latitude of 80° , when Hudson felt that it would be useless to pursue his way any farther, being convinced that the passage did not exist in that direction; and so he turned his vessel about and steered for home, passing "Hudson's Territory" (Jan Mayen) on the way. He reached the Thames in September 1607, to set out once more within seven months to continue the work he had at heart. April 23rd, 1608, saw him afloat again, and by 3rd June he had reached the North Cape and determined to find a passage between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen.

But the same old troubles of ice and fog impeded him, and although he succeeded in making a number of observations of latitude by means of the dipping magnetic needle—the first ship's captain to do so, by the way—he failed in his chief purpose. The way was longer than expected, and more difficult than imagined, and once again he returned home without achieving success.

Still, his work had not been in vain, for the merchants for whom he had sailed established a valuable whale fishery at Spitzbergen. Moreover, he was not discouraged, and it was with a light heart that he determined yet again to venture forth. This time he commanded a Dutch vessel, the *Half Moon*, and sailed from Texel on 26th April 1609. The North-East Passage was this time his objective, but he got no farther than the North Cape in that direction, for owing to the weather, and at the request of the Dutch crew who refused to go any farther, he changed his course and struck out for America. Reaching Virginia he sailed into Chesapeake Bay, and after exploring this and the mouth of the Delaware River, he proceeded northward until he came to the river which bears his name. Hudson travelled up this river some considerable distance, reaching, in fact, the site of the present town of Albany, coming often in contact with the natives, with whom his men, contrary to his wishes and commands, sometimes indulged in somewhat unseemly behaviour. Having spent some time in exploring the river, Hudson at last re-embarked and sailed from Manhattan for England, where he arrived in November 1609.

Then came his last voyage, with its tragic ending. Hudson had determined to make yet another attempt to find the much sought passage, and on 22nd April 1610, weighed anchor from the Thames in a small vessel, the

Discovery, of about fifty tons. His son accompanied him now as previously, and several of the men who had already sailed with him: notably, Robert Juett, Michael Pierce and Arnold Ludlow, the first two being destined to have a terrible part in the woeful climax to a voyage which commenced under most joyous circumstances. Reaching Davis Strait they sailed across from Greenland, until after passing through various dangers from wind, and wave, and ice, they reached and passed through the Hudson Strait into the great Hudson Bay, upon whose waters was to be enacted the terrible tragedy.

Having successfully entered this bay, Hudson proceeded to explore its coast. Everywhere, especially at its entrance, near Digges Island and Cape Wolstenholme, he noticed an abundance of wild birds which he foresaw would prove useful for replenishing the ship's stores should they run short. The shores were lined with valuable forests which they found to be the home of various kinds of animals.

Reaching James Bay—and winter with its intense cold, and the ice which would make navigation difficult and dangerous, now being at hand—he decided to remain there until the warmer weather would permit of his return; indeed, the ship had become frozen and could not move.

Troubles now began to show themselves. Juett, the mate, and Wilson, the boatswain, by reason of bad conduct, had to be deposed from their positions, which naturally caused a ferment of jealousy and discontent. This trouble was accentuated by a quarrel over the distribution of the belongings of one of the men who had died. Henry Green, a young man whom Hudson had succoured when in dire need, desired the dead man's

cloth gown : but upon this being given to the man who had taken Juett's place, Green joined the malcontents, and with them began to conspire against the man who had befriended him.

The winter passed without mishap, however, but the plotters had been secretly perfecting their plans ; and when the *Discovery* left her winter quarters, in June 1611, they were ripe for open mutiny.

The mutineers feared that the provisions would not last out ; they had not the foresight of their commander who, realizing with them that the ordinary provisions would not, by themselves, be sufficient for all, had decided to augment them at Cape Wolstenholme with the birds they had noticed on their way.

The mutineers, however, determined to make the ship's stores go further by getting rid of some of the ship's company, Hudson among them. But it was necessary for their own safety, if they should get back to England, to prepare evidence in their favour, and to this end they told Pricket, a servant of one of the ship's owners, that if he would make their case out all right, they would spare his life. Pricket and several others were confined to their cabins with scurvy, and the former, realizing his helplessness, perhaps, consented, and thus threw in his lot with the mutineers, who now proceeded to take action.

One morning three of them waylaid Hudson as he came out of his cabin. Brave man as he was, Hudson resisted stoutly. But all in vain : he had been taken by surprise, and it was a case of three to one, and before long they had him bound securely.

But the noise of the struggle had reached other ears, and King, the ship's carpenter, and two other true men, rushed upon the scene and attempted to rescue their

commander. The mutineers, however, out-numbered them, and despite a desperate fight, soon had them bound like their captain.

Then commenced the final scene in the tragedy. Hudson and his son and several other men—some of them sick with scurvy—were bundled into the shallop, and cast adrift. To King, the mutineers promised safety if he would join them, realizing, no doubt, that he would be useful in case of accidents; but like a brave man he refused, saying:

“No! Rather will I go and die with my captain than remain with rogues such as you!”

The shallop was bare save for a fowling-piece, a pot of meal, and a small quantity of powder and shot: yet thus provisioned the poor men were turned adrift on an unknown sea.

At first the unfortunate men attempted to board the ship, but the mutineers hoisted sail and went before the wind, leaving the little boat-load of human souls to the mercy of wind and wave, and no man to this day knows how they fared, or what was their end! We can only hope that a kindly Providence watched over them and gave them the peace that brave men and true deserve.

As for the mutineers, retribution was sharp and severe for some of them. Reaching Cape Wolstenholme, several of their number, Wilson and Green and Pricket among them, attempted to barter with some Eskimos they had sighted on the shore. Things did not progress very well between them, and Pricket, who was minding the boat, was suddenly attacked by a native who rushed upon him with a knife. Pricket managed to defend himself and stabbed the Eskimo and dragged him into the boat. Simultaneously the other five men ashore were attacked, and in the fight that ensued were all

so badly wounded that they only managed, with great difficulty, to reach the boat, which was immediately pushed off. The Eskimos fired many arrows after the retreating boat, one finding a billet in the body of Green, who died on the spot. Four of his companions quickly joined him in death, leaving but six, of whom Juett died on the way home across the Atlantic. The survivors took in about three hundred birds, and limited themselves to half a bird and a little meal each per day. Later on the meal gave out, and they had to make soup of the bones of the birds, eking these out with candle grease. Eventually they had to exist on half a bird a day and a pound of candles a week each, and had, indeed, come to the last bird when happily for them they sighted land, and put in at Berhaven. Here they obtained a crew and sailed round to Plymouth, and on to the Thames.

Pricket and Bylot repaired to London and interviewed the owners of the *Discovery*. Naturally, they made their own tale good, casting all the blame upon those who were dead, with the result that although they were thrown into prison they managed to escape the punishment which they richly deserved for committing one of the most heinous crimes in the records of exploration.

Hudson's name lives, and is a record of his work: the Hudson River, Hudson Strait, and Hudson's Bay will ever preserve the memory of one of the most dauntless voyagers in the annals of our history.

CHAPTER XXI

The First Two Voyages of Sir John Hawkins

AT this point in our story we enter upon an altogether different kind of exploit from any yet related. Hitherto we have had, in the main, to tell only of peaceful voyages; but the following pages will set forth many stirring incidents in the story of England's enterprise in the New World, to which she now turned her serious attention.

The English voyages, for the three quarters of a century after the discovery of America, had been somewhat perfunctory, and in nearly every case had been directed to realms where there was not likely to be any conflict with Spain or Portugal: now, however, England was about to enter the lists to fight for a footing in the New World, and to secure some share of the treasures which were being poured into Europe.

First in the list of adventurers comes Sir John Hawkins. The seafarer was bred in John, for his father, William Hawkins, was a sea-captain in the reign of Henry VIII. He was not simply a captain—he was a merchant-adventurer, and no doubt the character of the son was coloured by the mode of living of the father. The senior Hawkins had fitted out and commanded the first English expedition to South America, and in more

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ways than one distinguished himself in the service of his country.

John Hawkins was born in 1532, and it was at Plymouth, where his father was Mayor, that he first saw the light of day. When he was still but a youngster, his father died, and the business came into the hands of John and his brother William.

Soon after his father's death John made various voyages to the Canaries, and acquired the information that negroes were profitable merchandise in the New World.

His first important voyage was in 1562, and having told some of his wealthy friends of the scheme he had in mind, they joined together to fit out a slave-hunting expedition.

He left England in October 1562, and within a short time had reached Sierra Leone. This was his first destination, and he passed along the coast for some considerable time, taking in his cargo. By various means, "partly by the sword" and partly, no doubt, by buying prisoners of war from native chiefs who were only too willing to turn their captures to account, he succeeded in obtaining three hundred negroes. Possibly he limited the number only because his ships would hold no more: and with the slaves and "other merchandise which the country yieldeth" safely under the hatches, Hawkins "sailed over the ocean sea unto the island of Hispaniola."

In doing this he knew he ran counter to the desires of the Spanish King, with whom England was as yet at peace. But what did he care about that? He had got his cargo and he did not mean that his labours should be in vain. To the Spanish dons he told a story of having got out of his course, and he wanted provisions:

surely they could not refuse to sell him what he wanted ?

Somehow he let them know he had on board a batch of negroes. Now, these Spanish dons were in need of labour : without it, and plenty of it, they could not work their mines ; and, well, if they bought these from the Englishmen, who was to know ? And, besides, what if it did leak out ?—the extra gold obtained would be sufficient excuse for a breach of instructions.

So it came about that Hawkins disposed of part of his slaves at Isabella, part at Puerto Plata and part at Monte Cristi ; but at every place he kept his eyes open, “ trusting the Spaniards no further than that by his own strength he was able still to master them.”

Of his three hundred slaves he had sold two hundred ; and some question of duty having arisen, the governor had demanded that he should leave the remainder as a sort of “ deposit ” in case the matter came out and he got into trouble about the duty. Hawkins agreed, for he was more than satisfied at the result of his venture, for he had received “ such quantity of merchandise, that he did not only lade his own ship with hides, ginger, sugars, and some quantity of pearls, but he freighted also two other hulks with hides and other like commodities, which he sent into Spain.”

Then he went home to England, and proclaimed the success of his venture, having prepared the way for that rush of English adventurers to the New World which was to scare Spain and the Spanish King to such an extent that Philip even offered a reward for the body of Drake !

Hawkins had not been in England very long before news reached him that the Spanish King had found out all about his voyage, had confiscated the slaves he had left in Hispaniola, and the hides, etc., he had

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sent to Spain, imprisoning the men whom he had sent in charge of the latter.

Hawkins was angry and he vowed to have revenge. He tried fair means of obtaining redress, but having failed, determined to try stronger measures. He told the Queen of his grievance: the Queen sympathized, endeavoured to settle things amicably, and having failed lent him a ship with which he might obtain redress. The ship was the *Jesus of Lubeck*, 700 tons; and with three other barks, the *Solomon*, the *Tiger*, and *Swallow*, Hawkins on 18th October 1564 set out from Plymouth for the Canaries. The expedition was financed by a number of merchants, who anticipated much profit from the venture.

Before many days were past, they were compelled by a storm to put in at Ferrol in Spain, where Hawkins issued his instructions to the fleet, one of them reading:

"Serve God daily; love one another; preserve your victuals; beware of fire; and keep good company."

A motto worthy of any who embark on venturesome and dangerous undertakings.

Hawkins now headed for Teneriffe, where he attempted to land; but as he approached the shore he found himself looking down gun barrels, and fain had to tell his men to pull out of danger. Hawkins hailed the men who opposed his landing and eventually induced them to supply him with provisions; and after staying here a week, on the night of 15th November departed for Guinea. Touching at Cape Blanco, he passed on to Cape Verde, and took off a Frenchman who had been cast ashore at that place; but although they obtained other merchandise, they failed to get any slaves.

Sailing along the coast for some time, and every now and then making a raid on a native village and capturing

a number of slaves, he at last received information from the Portuguese merchants trading there, that there was a certain town named Bymba filled with gold, and a great number of women and children, with only about forty men to guard the town. A hundred slaves, they said, might easily and safely be had for the taking. With a party of forty men in armour, and led by the Portuguese, Hawkins went to Bymba in boats. He had told his men to keep together, but as fast as a boat reached the shore the men split up into parties of three or four and started searching the huts for gold. While this was going on the natives put in an appearance, and resented the interference with their household effects. With such a fierce onslaught did they come that many of the English had to flee for their lives, pursued by two hundred blacks—so much truth was there in the Portuguese statement that only forty men were at Bymba! Reaching the water's side, the whites had in some cases to throw themselves in and take to swimming; while those who managed to get into the boats were shot at by the natives.

At this point Hawkins turned up. He had been through the town with a dozen men, and, securing a few slaves, had set out for the boats. A pretty sight met his eyes! A couple of hundred yelling negroes lined the shore, shooting their arrows at his men, some of whom were floundering in shallow water or in mud which threatened to submerge them.

Hawkins showed what stuff he was made of. With his dozen men he fought his way through the crowd of enraged natives, reached his boats, and put off for the ships, followed by a cloud of native arrows.

The adventure had resulted disastrously: seven of his men were killed, including the Captain of the

Hawkins, therefore, weighed anchors, and sailed to Cumana. Here he went ashore and endeavoured to trade with the Spaniards there, but was unable to do so; so after taking in water at Santa Fe the ships sailed away on 28th March, coasting the mainland until 3rd April when they came to a town called Burboroata.

Burboroata was the scene of the first hostile relations with the Spaniards. Hawkins went ashore, interviewed the Spaniards, and bluntly demanded permission to trade.

"Impossible," said the dons, "impossible! The king has forbidden us to deal with foreigners and disobedience would mean forfeiture of all our goods."

Thus they gave him his dismissal, adding "You may look for no other comfort at our hands, because we are loyal subjects and may not go beyond the land."

But they knew not with whom they had to deal. Hawkins was not to be denied. He stood in need of provisions he said, and many other things which he meant to have, and besides, said he:

"I am in a ship of Her Majesty of England, and have many soldiers aboard" (Hawkins laid much stress upon this), "and seeing that our princes are at amity one with another, why should we not trade here even as our peoples do in Spain and Flanders."

"Impossible!" once more said the Spaniards, "we cannot give you license to trade!"

But they knew why Hawkins had come, and knew also that they stood in need of the "merchandise" he carried. So they compromised, and agreed to let him come into the harbour and anchor there for ten days, while they sent inland for the governor to see what he had to say.

Hawkins read them like a book, accepted their offer,

brought in his ships, victualled them, and then set to work. He decidedly did not relish being idle for ten days; it meant victuals and wages for nothing—for in the end the governor's answer might be a refusal to trade.

So on shore he went once more, and requested permission to dispose of "certain lean and sick slaves which he had in his ship likely to die upon his hands if he kept them ten days," whereas being ashore at work they would recover well enough.

"You must buy them of me," he put it to the Spaniards, "or I cannot pay you for the victuals you have provided me with!"

Under such circumstances, the dons found his request "reasonable," agreed to purchase thirty slaves, but did not come to buy. The reason of their delay seems to have been that they hoped to get a rebate in the price. But Hawkins knew how to deal with them; he threatened to depart, and carry his slaves with him—the last thing on earth the Spaniards wanted him to do. So they bought his thirty negroes, and by the time the negotiations were over, the governor came.

Directly he arrived Hawkins saw him, repeated the story he had told the dons, and received his wished-for licence.

Hawkins was not out of the wood even now: the duty on each slave was so high, and the Spaniards would not pay the price he asked, that Hawkins, seeing he was not likely to arrange matters very easily, had recourse to war-like methods. "He prepared one hundred men, well armed with bows, arrows, harquebuses, and pikes," and went up to Burboroata. The appearance of this company disconcerted the townspeople, and the governor, fearing complications, sent

a messenger asking the reason of this display of arms.

“Tell him,” said Hawkins, briefly and to the point, “I want the duty rebated, and my price agreed to, and if he will not grant this, I shall needs have to displease him.”

The governor agreed—very eagerly, for he did not like the appearance of these mad English and did not want to be displeased, and trading recommenced at once.

The business being settled profitably, Hawkins on 4th May left Burboroata, and by the 6th had reached the island of Curaçao where he laid in a good store of hides, and then sailed away, past Cape de la Vela, to Rio de la Hacha, where he presented himself to the governor and asked permission to trade.

But the governor had heard of him : news had come from Hispaniola that he was on the Main, and that he was not to be traded with. So the old answer was given, which Hawkins met, as before, with references to the Queen’s ship and soldiers, etc. This time there was little parleying ; the governor was told : “You can do as you like, but if you refuse to trade, well, then you had better stand to your arms, for I mean to trade.”

In face of such an “argument” the governor gave in, but refused to pay more than half of the price Hawkins asked for the few slaves he had left.

Hawkins’s answer to this message, which he called a “supper,” was that he would in return bring the Spaniards “as good a breakfast.” Which he did, for on the morning of 21st May, he embarked his hundred armed men in the boats. The Spaniards came down to the shore to meet them ; one hundred and fifty men on foot, and thirty on horseback, lined the beach shouting their war cries, and bidding the English to “come on.”

The English "came on," sending heralds in advance in the shape of a shot or two from the cannons in the boats. "At every shot," says the old narrator, "they fell flat to the ground, and as we approached near to them, they broke their array and dispersed themselves." The horsemen waited until the boats ran aground, dashing up and down, making a brave show ; but when Hawkins and his men landed, they at once took to flight.

Hawkins proceeded towards the town, and was met on the way by a messenger bearing a flag of truce, and saying, "What means this battle array, seeing that our Treasurer has granted every reasonable request the Senor has made ?" Said Hawkins in reply, "I see not that he has agreed to what I have asked, since he will not pay me the price I have named : therefore must I needs continue in my way to the town," and forthwith he marched forward, seeing which the Treasurer himself came out to speak with him.

We can imagine the scene : the Treasurer on horseback and armed with his javelin, and Hawkins, clad in his bright armour (which the Treasurer was for some reason afraid of) but carrying no weapon. These two men haggled together for some time, with the result that Hawkins got what he wanted. The negroes were disposed of at Hawkins's own price, and having satisfactorily concluded his business, he and his four ships put out to sea once more, with intent to go to Jamaica and put in there and trade for hides. Somehow or other he missed his course, and although he came to Jamaica, was unable to find a port.

It must be remembered that in sailing in those seas Hawkins was traversing new paths, so far as the English were concerned. Spain had kept to herself the secrets of the New World and its seas, and so whatever Hawkins

did he had to do on chance. Thus it was he was not able to trade at Jamaica, which he considered lost him two thousand pounds' worth of hides.

The same thing happened when he tried to get to Cuba, so he put in at the Isle of Pines, watered his ships with rain water, doubled the western point of Cape San Antonio, and so entered the Florida waters.

Hawkins now determined to go to Havana, but a Frenchman, whom he had on board, misled him, and once more he missed his goal. However, making the best of a bad job, Hawkins set out for the Florida coast, on reaching which he sent a couple of boats ashore for water. The currents played the mariners false, the boats were lost, and although the ships showed lights and fired cannons all night, the boats and their occupants were not found until several days after.

The full complement of men again being made up, and the ships having been watered, Hawkins set sail along the coast of Florida. The French had founded a colony on the River May, and Hawkins wished to see it. After a careful search he found the river, and going up it in his pinnace, met a French ship whose captain directed him to the fort. The governor, M. Laudonniere, entertained him well; and Hawkins, hearing of their lack of provisions, and of the hardships the colonists were forced to endure, did his best for them—offered, indeed, to convey the whole company home to France.

M. Laudonniere thanked his visitor profusely, but would not avail himself of the offer because he “knew not how the case stood between the French and the English, and stood in doubt lest Hawkins would attempt somewhat in Florida in the name of his mistress.” Laudonniere's men did not see things in the same way, and having suffered enough hardships already, mutinied

and demanded that the offer should be accepted. The difficulty was overcome by buying one of Hawkins's vessels, and some time afterwards the Frenchmen left Florida and went back to France.

As for Hawkins, with his three remaining ships he left the River May on 28th July, and, meeting with contrary winds, was carried as far as Newfoundland, having become very short of provisions. Here they were becalmed, caught a good quantity of codfish, and then "with a good large wind" they hoisted sail, steered across the Atlantic, and arrived at Padstow, in Cornwall, on 20th September.

The losses and gains of the voyage were now reckoned up. Twenty persons had been lost, while, on the other hand, Hawkins and those who had financed him had reaped a profit of over fifty per cent, for he brought home with him "both gold, silver, pearls, and other jewels in great store." Altogether he was more than pleased at the way he had retaliated on the King of Spain. The latter was naturally very angry when he heard of his exploits, and remonstrated to such good effect that Hawkins was not allowed to go upon a third voyage he had already planned; Philip's ire not being lessened, however, by a later act of Hawkins, who compelled a whole Spanish squadron to salute the English flag in the English Channel, firing upon them when at first they refused to accede to his request!

CHAPTER XXII

The Third Voyage of Hawkins

AFTER some time, Hawkins prevailed upon the Queen to allow him to start on his third voyage ; but before telling the story of this we must become acquainted with a man who was destined to become one of England's greatest sailors. His name was Francis Drake, and on the third voyage undertaken by Hawkins, he sailed in command of one of the vessels of the squadron.

Francis was the son of Edmund Drake, at one time sailor and afterwards a protestant preacher. When he was born is not exactly known, but it was probably in 1545, at Tavistock. He went to sea early in life, for when quite a youngster he was apprenticed to the master of a Channel coasting vessel. After a time his master died and left him the vessel : and so young Francis was master of his own ship.

When, a little later, Drake received information that Hawkins was seriously intending to venture forth once more, he sold his small coaster and bought a new ship, the *Judith*, and joined Hawkins at Plymouth.

After having settled various difficulties, arising mainly out of the remonstrances of the Spanish and the changeable nature of the Queen, the expedition, consisting of six vessels, left Plymouth on 2nd October 1567.

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Hawkins was in the Queen's ship, the *Jesus of Lubeck*, and Drake sailed in his *Judith*; the other ships, the *Minion*, the *William and John*, the *Swallow*, and the *Angel*, being all fairly well armed and provisioned for the voyage. Still, the squadron was not an imposing one.

Almost at the commencement, they met with a misfortune which was the forerunner of many that were to dog them all the way through; a storm arose and dispersed the fleet, and the *Jesus* was so badly mauled that it was feared she could not possibly proceed farther. As a matter of fact their hopes were as much shattered as their ships, and they turned back and made for home!

The weather changed for the better, however, and on the 11th of October they once more altered their course, and headed for the Canaries. Here the squadron reformed and set out for Africa, capturing various ships on the way.

Cape Verde was soon reached, and the hunt for slaves commenced. Some 150 or 160 men went ashore, among them Hawkins himself. They had a sharp brush with the natives, who shot poisoned arrows with such good effect that numbers of the English, including Hawkins, were wounded. Eight of them died, but Hawkins was fortunate enough to learn of a native remedy and so escaped.

Very few negroes were obtained at this time, but the deficiency was made up in the course of the next month or so, for by the end of January they had by various means obtained about five hundred. Half of this number had been secured as a result of assistance given to a native chief in making war upon an enemy. Hawkins had hoped for more, as the chief had promised him some

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of the six hundred he had himself taken, but in the night he decamped, prisoners and all, and left Hawkins in the lurch.

Hawkins now set out for the Spanish Main, reaching Dominica after a difficult passage, on 27th March. Here he took in fresh water; and then, putting in at Burboroata, stayed there for two months and disposed of a good many of his slaves.

From Burboroata they set out for Rio de la Hacha, a couple of the smaller ships being sent on in advance. They met with a warm reception, and Drake, who was in command of one of the ships, was not slow in returning the Spanish compliment, one of his shots going clean through the governor's house! Then for five days they rode at anchor, and would not budge; save once, when a despatch boat from Hispaniola coming within sight Drake chased her ashore, and in the very teeth of a couple of hundred Spanish soldiers brought her out and anchored once more.

At last the remainder of the fleet came in sight. Hawkins wanted fresh water for his men and negroes, but the governor, thinking himself secure in the new fortifications he had constructed since Hawkins was last there, refused to allow him to take it in. He hoped by this course to compel Hawkins to put his negroes ashore and thus make him a present of them.

This, however, did not suit Hawkins, who was determined to get what he required. So it was "out boats" and ashore, and with a couple of hundred well-armed men Hawkins and Drake stormed the forts. A pretty hot reception greeted them, but nothing daunted, the English pressed on, and with the loss of two men only, put the Spanish dons to speedy flight, leaving Rio de la Hacha in the possession of Hawkins!

The governor having now no alternative, consented to allow Hawkins to take in water, and gave the raiders license to dispose of as many negroes as they liked. Hawkins got rid of two hundred—no doubt at a profitable price — and then, quite content, sailed away and made for Cartagena (in what is now known as Columbia) hoping to do business there. The governor, however, refused to trade, and Hawkins says in his report, that “trade was so near finished that we thought it not good either to adventure any landing or to detract further time, but in peace departed from thence the 24th of July, hoping to have escaped the time of their storms (hurricanes).” Probably a weightier reason than these prompted Hawkins not to repeat the story of La Hacha: namely, the fact that Cartagena was much more strongly fortified.

Be that as it may, his hurried departure did not help him much, for on 12th August he ran full into the midst of a hurricane. They were now off the coast of Cuba, having sailed through the Yucatan Channel, and up the Gulf of Mexico, hoping to have reached Florida as on the previous voyage. This, by the way, was the first occasion on which any English ships had ploughed the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The *Jesus* was in a pitiable state: her top masts having gone, her rudder practically useless, and worse than all, she had sprung a leak. Hawkins feared he would have to abandon her; but the better part of the treasure he had collected was stored away in her hold, and he decidedly did not want to lose that.

Therefore, instead of forsaking her, he headed her for San Juan de Ulloa (or Vera Cruz) on the coast of Central America. San Juan was the port of the city of Mexico, and was the place from which the treasure of the Spanish

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Main was taken aboard by the treasure-ships of King Philip to be carried thence to Spain.

On the way to San Juan, Hawkins took three Spanish ships, containing over a hundred passengers, and as some of them were important Spanish officials, he guessed that if he held them to ransom, they would help him to secure "victuals for his money, and a quiet place for the repairing of his fleet."

On 10th September, therefore, Hawkins and his little fleet entered the port of San Juan. As it happened, there was a fleet of twelve Spanish treasure-ships, laden to the full with the riches of the Spanish Main. They were reported to have on board two hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold and silver, and were awaiting the coming of a Spanish armada to convey them across the Atlantic. The Spaniards at San Juan took Hawkins's fleet to be the one they were expecting, and it is easy to imagine their surprise and mortification on discovering that the men on board were English, the last people on earth they desired to see at such a moment! "Being deceived of their expectation," says Hawkins, "they were greatly dismayed"; but Hawkins, with his battered ships, was not intent on war, and told them he simply wanted victuals, and permission to refit. As a pledge of his good faith, although he had the Spanish galleons in his power, he touched none of the treasure, and released all his prisoners, except two, whom he kept as hostages.

Hawkins heard of the expected Spanish fleet, and to safeguard himself from any attack by the coming vessels, sent a messenger inland to the Viceroy with news of his arrival, telling him of his needs, and asking for protection from the fleet that would soon appear on the scene.

Before his messenger returned, the Spanish fleet arrived. It consisted of thirteen great ships, and Hawkins knew that in the present condition of his vessels he would stand but little chance of victory if a battle ensued.

Now Hawkins had the better position of the two fleets : he was within the harbour, and had the treasure in his power : while the Spanish convoy was outside at the mercy of the first hurricane that blew.

How Hawkins wished he could have compelled the fleet to remain there, at the risk of being wrecked, which would have meant the loss of six million pounds to Spain ! But he decided that it would be exceeding his command to do this, and possibly land England into war with Spain. What was to be done, however ? He knew the craftiness of the Spaniards, and if he let them into the harbour without taking proper precautions for his own safety, there was no telling what might happen.

In the circumstances, he did two things : first, he put some of his guns ashore, and erected a fort, so as to have command on land as well as on board ; and then he sent a messenger to the fleet outside, to learn who was aboard, and what they wanted.

The messenger returned with the news that a new Viceroy, Don Martin Enriquez, was aboard, and that he proclaimed that " he had authority, both in all this Province of Mexico (otherwise called Nueva Espanna, *i.e.* New Spain), and in the sea." Don Martin realized that the English had the upper hand, but was very angry at being kept outside the harbour while the daring intruders rode safely at anchor within. Therefore he sent a messenger to Hawkins, saying :

" I am the Viceroy of the King and have a thousand men at my command and shall come in ! "

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“Very well,” was Hawkins’s reply: “tell him that if he is Viceroy for the King of Spain so am I for the Queen of England, and if he has a thousand men, my powder and shot will take the better place. So let him come!”

Don Martin got the message, and seeing that it was useless to attempt to bluff the English, replied that if Hawkins would state his conditions they should be adhered to.

Hawkins stated them; he was to be supplied with victuals for his money; license to sell what he wanted to; twelve hostages were to be given up on each side; the island was to be in his possession during his stay there; and no Spaniard was to land armed with any weapon.

To these conditions, except that the number of hostages was reduced to ten, the Viceroy agreed, but as events proved, he by no means intended to keep to his agreement. The Spanish fleet entered the harbour, and everything for a while seemed tranquil.

All this time Hawkins had acted honourably towards the Spaniards: the treasure was left alone, and he implicitly trusted that the Spaniards would also keep to the terms of the treaty. One morning, however, there was much bustle of work going on aboard the Spanish vessels: cannons were carried from one ship to another, and companies of men were seen in places where they had no need to be. Hawkins became suspicious, and enquired the meaning of these things. The Viceroy reassured him of his good faith—and went on to carry out his treacherous designs. In the night a great ship of nine hundred tons was moored next the *Minion*, port-holes were cut in her sides, and cannons placed in position, ready to open fire.

Hawkins was at dinner on board, entertaining one

of the hostages in royal style : the Spaniard was in the plot, and his part was to stab Hawkins. The attempt was frustrated, for one of the men on board Hawkins' ship seems to have had his doubts about the Spaniard, and watched him closely. Suddenly he sprang at him, and was just in time to prevent him from burying a poniard in Hawkins's breast.

Hawkins, the limit of his forbearance passed, and his worst suspicions of treachery confirmed, sprang to his feet, and ordered the Spaniards to be kept in close confinement in the steward's room.

Hardly was this done than the quietness of the night was broken by a trumpet call, and at this pre-arranged signal the English were attacked on all sides. The men on shore were butchered before they could escape ; the ship lying by the side of the *Minion* belched forth her shot, and the three hundred men who had been secretly put into her boarded the English vessel. Hawkins saw his plight, and calling upon his men to follow him, sprang on board the *Minion* and made a brave fight against great odds. With the loss of many men he kept the Spaniards at bay ; he was ever in the front of the fight, shouting his battle cry of " God and Saint George ! Upon the traitorous villains ! I trust in God the day shall be ours ! "

The Spaniards were beaten off, and then turning his attention to the Spanish vice-admiral's ship, Hawkins sent a shot into her which landed in her powder magazine, and blew her heavenward with nearly three hundred men.

The other Spanish vessels now came up, and endeavoured to board the *Jesus*, and it was only by cutting her cables that Hawkins managed to get free. So the fight raged ! The English vessels slipped their cables,

and engaged bravely with all comers. The *Swallow* was captured, the *Angel* sunk ; while in return, besides the Vice-admiral, the Spanish flagship and two others were sent to the bottom.

All the while the fight raged Hawkins bravely led his men in repulsing every attack made upon them : once, standing on the poop of his vessel, cheering his men on, he cried, " Bring hither a cup of beer ! "

It was brought him in a silver cup, but even as he put it to his lips a shot struck it out of his hand. Nothing dismayed he called to his men above the din of battle :

" Fear nothing ! for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villains ! "

Three ships only now remained to Hawkins : the *Judith*, the *Minion* and the *Jesus*, and the latter was in such a plight that he determined to abandon her. To effect the removal of the treasure from her hold he had the *Minion* placed between her and the shore batteries, which had now opened fire upon them, hoping that she would be shielded while the work went on. Fate dogged him to the bitter end, for hardly had they commenced than they espied a couple of fire ships coming towards them. The sight of these terrible ships struck terror into the hearts of the *Minion's* men, and they cut her cables, and made for the open sea, Hawkins only just managing to clamber aboard as she sheered off. Some of the remainder of the men of the *Jesus* made off as best they could in a small boat : the rest were " left to the mercy of the Spaniards, which," says Hawkins, " I doubt was very little."

Hawkins now took command of the *Minion*, ordered Drake to keep close to him, and the two ships—remnants of the brave little fleet that had set out from Plymouth—

fought their way through the Spanish squadron, and anchored in the Gulf of Mexico, tossed about by a north wind which threatened to drive them ashore, and at last separated the two vessels, and left Hawkins alone.

Thus ended the battle of San Juan! And yet the troubles of these brave sea-dogs were not over. For a fortnight they "wandered in an unknown sea, till hunger enforced them to seek the land."

Theirs was a sad plight, "and having a great number of men and little victuals, our hope of life," wrote Hawkins, "waxed less and less." They were compelled to eat the very hides they had bought in the earlier stages of the ill-fated expedition, and rats, cats and dogs were considered a dainty dish, and the parrots and monkeys for which the men had paid large prices, with the intention of taking to England to delight the friends who awaited their return, were killed and eaten with relish. Such was their extremity, that when at last they came to land, a number of the men begged to be put ashore rather than stay on board to suffer the pangs of hunger and run the risk of starvation in the voyage home. To this Hawkins agreed, promising to return for them the following year.

With the wanderings of these men we are not concerned: many of them found death at the hands of the Spaniards and Indians: others in later years returned to England with strange and wonderful stories of the natives amongst whom they had lived: while others were captured by the Spaniards, and suffered all the tortures of the inquisition.

As for Hawkins, for two months he fought against adverse elements and dread disease, and at last reached Vigo, on the coast of Spain. Here he obtained fresh

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meat—the greatest luxury these storm-tossed mariners had had for many a long day, and in their greed a great number of them ate until they died of “excess of fresh meat.” The Spanish authorities had naturally heard somewhat of the doings on the Spanish Main, and did all they could to betray Hawkins and the remnant of his company. Wherefore he sailed away, and on 25th January 1569 he cast anchor beneath St Michael’s Mount, in Cornwall, glad and thankful to Providence that, whatever his condition, he was safe back in old England.

Drake, in the *Judith*, had reached Plymouth some few days previously. He, too, had taken three months to reach England, and news of the disaster had preceded him. Every one had given them up for lost, and when at last Drake appeared he was deluged with enquiries for Hawkins.

He told his story, and we can easily imagine with what effect; but of Hawkins he had nothing to tell except that he had lost him immediately after the fight.

William Hawkins, John’s brother, immediately wrote the story out, and sent it in care of Drake to Lord William Cecil; but even while Drake dashed towards London, news reached Plymouth of the arrival of Hawkins at St Michael’s, and within a few days the discouraged mariner himself appeared in Plymouth, and told his story of one of the most tragic episodes in English naval history.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Revenge of Francis Drake

THE English nation was stung to fury when the full story of the tragedy of San Juan became known. An official inquiry was instituted, and a claim for compensation made against Spain. King Philip refused to pay, and the only redress that Hawkins and Drake could hope for was what they might get by their own personal effort. Drake did not stay in England very long, "and he used such helps as he might by two several voyages into the West Indies to gain such intelligences as might further him to get some amends for his loss." These two voyages were undertaken in 1570 and 1571 respectively, "and, having gotten such certain notice of the persons and places aimed at as he thought requisite, he thereupon with good deliberation resolved on a third voyage."

Drake had kept his eyes open on these two flying visits to the Spanish Main, and in particular had looked out for, and found, a harbour which he could constitute a naval base during what he fondly hoped would be a lengthy and profitable sojourn in the West Indies. The harbour was in the Gulf of Darien, and, because it abounded in pheasants, he gave it the name of Port Pheasant. What stores he could spare he buried for use on his return.

Arriving back in England, Drake lost no time in

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revealing to his intimate friends the scheme his ever-working brain had evolved: he intended to plunder the Spanish Main, and wrest with his own hands the recompense he had failed to secure by entreaty.

Needless to say, his scheme was approved by those who had so much to pay back to Spain for her treatment of their countrymen, and in a short time Drake found himself in command of two small ships, the *Pacha* and the *Swan*, mere toys for such an undertaking as he had in mind. On board he had three pinnaces, "taken asunder, all in pieces," ready to be put together once more when occasion required.

It was a bold, small company (seventy-five mariners all told) that left England on 24th May 1572, but their enthusiasm for their project and admiration for their captain more than made up for what they lacked in numbers.

Drake commanded the *Pacha*, and his brother John, as great a dare-devil as Francis himself, captained the *Swan*, having as his lieutenant a sturdy son of Devon, John Oxenham.

The expedition headed for Port Pheasant, and, after weeks of battling with the stress of stormy seas, on 12th July, the little ships reached their destination. The first boat was lowered, and a few men clambered down the side of the *Pacha* and lustily pulled at the oars, heading for the shore.

Suddenly a cry of alarm rang out.

"Hold! what's that?"

Well might they ask, for there in the midst of the woods that lined the coast was a wreath of blue smoke, rising heavenwards; and this in the place which Drake had fondly thought secure from the intrusion of foes!

"Then the Spaniards are there!" muttered a stout son of Devon.

Quick as thought, the boat was turned shipward, and the men, who but a moment before were so sure of their safety, hurried on board and girded on the arms they had foolishly left behind them.

Then once more they made for the shore, and this time they went carefully: no rousing English song upon their lips, but hushed and silent, watching for foes.

Having landed safely, and without meeting with opposition, Drake led his men to the spot in the forest where he had hidden the stores. Lo! no stores were there! True enough, the hated Spaniard had been and destroyed them!

See, what is that? A letter in lead, nailed to a huge tree so large that four men joining hands cannot compass it about! And what said the letter? Enough—and too much!

"Captaine Drake. If you fortune to come to this Port, make haste away. For the Spaniards, which you had with you here last year, have bewrayed this place, and taken away all that you left here. I depart from here this 7 of July 1572.—Your very loving friend,

"JOHN GARRET."

So this was the explanation! Drake's secret harbour had been discovered, and the Spaniards had somehow got to know of his intended return. Captain Garret had been told of Port Pheasant by a sailor who had accompanied Drake on his previous voyage, and Garret, wishing to see the place, had come and found the stores destroyed and had left behind him a warning to Drake. What, Francis Drake run away for fear of a few—or for that matter, a legion—of Spaniards! Never, while he had

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a strong right arm, and sturdy Englishmen at his back !

So he began his work all over again : felled mighty forest giants and lashed them together to form a stockade. Inside this strange yet strongly-built fort, his men began to put together the pinnaces which they had brought from Plymouth, and while so engaged there came a sentinel from the seashore, running as if for very life.

“ Look—yon—der—come ships—two—Spaniards ! ” he panted.

Without more ado the whole company seized their arms, and made their way to the harbour mouth to see what manner of ships these strangers might be. Groundless fear ! It was only Captain Ranse, a friendly corsair, who having landed, craved permission to join his forces with those of Drake. Reinforcements such as these were not to be despised when there was work to be done such as Drake had in his mind. So he accepted the offer, and the whole company went back to their boat-building.

When all was ready, Drake unfolded his plan of plunder and adventure. It was a bold and daring plan, containing the promise of all the excitement that a man could wish for. He intended to seize the whole treasure of the Spanish Main !

“ Comrades,” he cried, “ we are out for treasure, and by the help of God we’ll get it ! ”

Drake had learned from various sources that the treasure of the New World, collected by the Spaniards, with the help of the slaves—aided by the merciless lash of the slave-driver—was carried to the towns on the coast washed by the Carribean Sea, to be shipped thence to the coffers of the King of Spain. It was these towns,

and this treasure—gold, silver and precious stones—that he meant to take.

First in his plans was Nombre de Dios. Drake had calculated everything; he knew that even then the treasure-house of Nombre de Dios would be stocked with wealth, awaiting the arrival of the half-yearly treasure ships.

Buoyed with the hope of fortune, and nothing daunted at the prospect of the difficulties and dangers that might beset them, Drake and his men embarked in their pinnaces, and set out for Nombre de Dios.

For three days they passed along a coast of wonderful beauty, and, to them, strange sights. At last they came to the Isle of Pines. There in the roadstead, between the island and the mainland, they espied two Spanish timber ships. These they took without the loss of a man, learning from the negroes on board that Nombre de Dios had lately been harassed by the Cimarrons, slaves who had revolted from the cruel lash of the Spaniard, and that the governor had, therefore, sent for reinforcements, which were expected to arrive every day.

This was serious news indeed, for it meant that Nombre de Dios would be guarded night and day, and that there could be no hope of taking it by surprise. Still, they were going through with their adventure: not all the dons on the Spanish Main should stop them!

Drake continued his journey in his pinnaces, leaving Captain Ranse with the ships and thirty men at the Isle of Pines, to await his return. He then landed his men farther along the coast to train them in the use of their arms, which done, Drake, the man of deeds, made a speech.

“Comrades,” he said, “before us lies the world’s

treasure-house. You are brave, and with your help I am confident of success. Follow me, and yours shall be the Spaniard's wealth : yours shall be the fame that comes from great deeds, and we shall be able to take to our Queen much treasure, and have good store for ourselves."

Ringling cheers greeted these brave words, and assured of his men Drake embarked once more in his pinnaces, and very soon they came in sight of Nombre de Dios—the place of their hope.

It was night ; the moon was not yet up, so they were not seen from the shore. But there was a ship in the harbour, and some one on board saw them. The ship began to make for the shore, to raise the alarm, but Drake's pinnaces headed her off seaward.

Now they were landed safely. But not unseen, as they had fondly hoped, for there was one gunner in the fort : only one, for the governor was not looking for attack from the sea, and all attention was concentrated on the land side of the town where the Cimaroons might attack at any moment. That one gunner was enough, however, to raise the town : he fired but one shot, and then ran panting into the town, giving the alarm that an enemy, more to be feared than any Cimaroon, had come !

No time was lost on either side. Bells were ringing the alarm in the town, and trumpets and drums rallied the men to arms.

As for Drake, master of his craft, he quickly divided his men into two companies. John Drake and Oxenham he dispatched with eighteen men, while the rest he himself led by another way. Thus, by coming upon the town at two points, he hoped to delude the Spaniards into believing that they were assailed by a large number.

It was a strange advance : each man held a firepike,

which lit up the darkness in a weird way ; trumpets were blown, and war cries sounded. So sudden was the attack that Drake's ruse was successful ; the Spanish dons, believing that a large force was coming against them, fled, leaving their treasure unguarded.

But the town was not yet won, nor the treasure in the hands of the daring mariners. The Spaniards collected themselves, and came back and when Drake and his men reached the market-place they found their foes drawn up, resolved on defending their possessions. They, in their turn, had arranged a deception—for a line of lights had been hung across the otherwise dark street, to give the appearance of men with torches.

Drake's force got a warm reception ; the trumpeter was killed, and Drake himself wounded, although he said nothing about it at the time. But nothing could stop those "mad Englishmen" ; they charged with their firepikes, and, in a few minutes, the town was theirs and they had reached the governor's house.

What a sight met their eyes ! The door was open ; outside was a conveyance waiting for the governor, whose valour had oozed out ; while on the stairs of the house, just inside the open door, was a candle which revealed to them stacks of silver bars seventy feet long, ten broad, and twelve feet high. And all this wealth was theirs by right of conquest !

Furthermore, Captain Drake had heard of something far more precious ; the treasure-house was stored with gold and precious stones, and this was to be their prize, not mere silver !

In the height of their victory, news was brought that the pinnaces were in danger, and that if the men were not on board before daybreak, they would be surrounded by military. Drake sent to find out the truth of it,

and discovered that the men in the pinnaces had heard the beating of drums in the mountains, and concluded that it told of Spanish reinforcements. As a matter of fact, it was only the Spaniards collecting their forces after defeat.

The Englishmen now proceeded to the treasure-house, and Drake ordered it to be broken open. Even as they proceeded to carry out his orders, a terrible thunder-storm broke over the town. The strings of the Englishmen's bows were loosened by the damp, their primings were useless; if perchance the foe should return they would be caught like rats in a trap. The men began to murmur, and spoke of returning to the boats. Drake heard their murmurings, and railed at them for their cowardice.

"What," cried he. "On the very threshold of the world's treasure-house ye would fly! I have placed it all in your reach: I have brought you to the mouth of the Treasure of the World and it will be your own faults if ye go empty away!"

Without waiting to see what effect his words had, he sprang forward towards the treasure-house; but even as he did so he stumbled, and fell fainting to the ground. Filled with consternation, and fearful for the life of their darling, they rushed to his assistance, and then to their horror saw that every footstep he had taken was filled with his own blood.

Quickly they searched for the wound—it was in the leg, and they bound it up as best they could, striving to stay the flowing of the blood.

Great was their relief when he opened his eyes. Thank heaven! he lived! They picked him up and started for the shore.

"Hold!" cried Francis. "Whither go ye?"

“To safety, Captain!” answered one of the men.

“From danger rather!” shouted Drake, indignantly and with scorn. “From danger, and without the treasure? Art Englishmen?”

“Nay, Captain, we fly not for ourselves—neither go we without our treasure. The treasure of the Spanish Main is naught to us if we have not our Francis Drake!”

And so, heedless of his taunts, careless of his remonstrances, and deaf to his gibes at their cowardice, they bore him helpless away. They reached their pinnaces unpursued by the Spaniards, and embarking in their boats rowed away treasureless, but all safe except for their trumpeter whom they had left lying on the hard ground, grasping his trumpet even as he had fallen.

As luck would have it they ran up against a ship just coming into the harbour. As if they had not had enough excitement for one night, they boarded her, and found her full of good wines, etc. Taking her with them, they headed for a small island named Bastimentos, within a short distance of Nombre de Dios, where they refreshed themselves with the wines and stores they had found in their prize, and for a couple of days took a well-earned rest.

During these two days the wounds of the men made good progress—which was something to be thankful for. We can imagine the chagrin of Drake at having been foiled in his attempt, and at having the cup he had raised to his lips, dashed to the ground.

The morning after the failure the Spaniards, looking across their bay, saw that their enemies had not gone; fearing perhaps a repetition of the attack, they held themselves in readiness, and in addition sent an officer over to Drake to make a few inquiries.

Drake suspected him of being a spy, as no doubt

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he was, bent on finding out exactly how many men comprised the company who had attacked them. Drake received him in a friendly way, and answered his questions frankly. No! their arrows were not poisoned. Yes! he *was* the Drake about whom they had "heard a good deal": and then, making the Spanish don a present for himself, dismissed him with the words:

"Tell your governor to keep his eyes open, for if God lend me life and leave, I mean to reap some of your harvest which you get out of the earth and send into Spain to trouble all the earth."

The don departed, and carried a pretty tale of what a courteous gentleman he had found the corsair; "he was never so much honoured of any in his life," he said. Drake, when he felt fit, also left, and within a little time was back at the Isle of Pines recounting to eager listeners the story of the mishap that had attended them.

The story was an unwelcome and discouraging one, and Captain Ranse, thinking perhaps that the failure was possibly the forerunner of many others, decided to back out of the adventure; and so he departed taking his men with him and leaving Drake alone with those he had brought from Plymouth.

Both he and they were not disheartened: the Spanish Main had other towns, and Drake meant to haul in some of their treasure.

The next place on his list was Cartagena, the most important town on the Spanish Main. His idea was to swoop suddenly upon the place, surprise the Spaniards, ransack the town, and sail away triumphantly with the rich spoil he knew he would find there.

He counted his chickens before they were hatched, for a dispatch boat from Nombre de Dios had preceded him

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to Cartagena. But Drake did not know this until about a fortnight from the attempt on Nombre de Dios, when he came within sight of Cartagena. At the entrance of the harbour he found a ship with one old man in it, who told him a boat had just gone up to the town, the crew telling the old man, as they passed, to take care of himself.

Drake knew what that meant ; and sure enough, as he headed his ships to shore, shots came from the Spanish guns, and he saw that the Spaniards were ready for him. He knew that it was hopeless to attempt to sack the place, now the inhabitants were expecting him, and he had to content himself with seizing, under the very nozzles of the Spanish guns, a large ship of Seville, and a couple of smaller vessels which he discovered were dispatch boats from Nombre de Dios, intent on carrying the news of his coming all along the Main : needless to say, those letters never reached their destinations.

Drake realized that it would be useless now to attempt any other place, as every town would be on the look out for him. So he decided to lay quiet for a time until another treasure train was due to arrive at Nombre de Dios. But he had a ship too many : he had not enough men to keep both ships and the pinnaces manned ; and, as the pinnaces were going to prove most necessary for the work he had in hand, he determined to scuttle the *Swan*.

Now, sailors of all ages and nations have a way of regarding their ships with affection, and Drake knew that openly to propose scuttling the *Swan* would cause a mutiny. He therefore devised a plan for doing it secretly ; calling Tom Moore, the ship's carpenter, to him (Drake knew that even if he refused he would not reveal the plot), he told him to scuttle the ship. Tom said it

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was more than his life was worth if the men found him doing it, but after a good deal of persuasion, his loyalty to Drake overcame his fears and he bored some holes in the bottom, and the ship slowly began to settle down.

Later on, Drake passed by the ship in one of his pinnaces, apparently intent on fishing. As he did so, with a careless air he hailed his brother John, captain of the *Swan*, and asked the reason for the ship being so low in the water? Naturally John knew of no reason, and sent down to find out. The message was brought that she must have sprung a leak!

Without more ado the men were set to work at the pumps; the water gained, however, and as the day wore on and the ship was still sinking, Drake himself, to keep up appearances, lent a hand, and worked as vigorously as any of them. At last every one saw there was no hope of her being saved, and Drake gave the order for her to be fired, and thus achieved by strategy what he could not possibly have done by fair means!

Then he disappeared—set out for the Gulf of Darien, discovered another small secluded harbour, and resolved to rest and refresh his men until the Spaniards had had time to forget him.

Drake had in his company a negro named Diego, who had joined him at Nombre de Dios. From him he had heard many things about the Cimaroons, and had been led to believe that if he would but join forces with them he would be able to outdo the Spaniards at all points, for the Cimaroons hated the Spaniards who had been cruel to them on many occasions, and knew all about the surrounding country. This compact, which was effected later, was to have great results in the future.

The men amused themselves in good old English style:

they played at bowls and quoits, set up their shooting butts and then as a diversion would issue forth in their pinnaces, capture some Spanish treasure ship, and bring back the spoil. This was carried on for a long time, and the whole Spanish Main was scoured and a vast amount of its treasure was diverted from its destination, and found its way into Drake's hiding-place, and still the Spaniards knew not where to find him !

Eventually Drake dispatched his brother John inland, to get into communication with the Cimaroons. He succeeded in doing so, and the result was that the natives agreed to lead Drake wherever he wanted to go, so long as it was against the Spaniards ; only they must wait until the rainy season was over, nothing could be done at once.

Drake knew that the months that must elapse until the time was ripe would be dangerous to him, unless he could find his men work to do. He found it : moving to a much safer harbour, he left some of the men under the command of his brother John, and with the rest set out with a couple of pinnaces and went to Cartagena, cut out two frigates in the harbour, and then when some time after two more ships, well manned and armed, came out against him, he repulsed them. He sunk one, and burnt the second of his prizes, and then rowed to shore, and in the face of what he knew was an ambush, leaped on to the land, and defied them to do their worst. And somehow the Spaniards dared not shoot !

At last Drake determined to give his men a rest. He therefore returned to his harbour, where he found that his brother John had been killed while engaged in a foolhardy attack upon a well-armed Spanish vessel. John and only one other man had, practically unarmed,

attempted to capture the ship, and had naturally failed, both having lost their lives.

Drake was overwhelmed with grief, as was the whole company, and probably the disaster did not help them during the next month, in which, now that the rains were ceasing and the hot weather was setting in, they suffered many losses from fever.

At last, the Cimaroons again turned up, bringing news that the Spanish fleet was at Nombre de Dios, information confirmed by a pinnace sent to reconnoitre. It meant that the treasure which the mines of Panama had yielded would soon be on its way across the Isthmus of Darien to Nombre de Dios. Drake intended to intercept it, and with eighteen of his men—all that the fever had left well enough to travel—he set out on his journey inland. He was accompanied by about thirty Cimaroons, whose chief, Pedro, became a firm and faithful friend of Drake, who in return gave him his entire confidence. Pedro had told him of a vast sea beyond the hills, and promised Drake that he should see it ere long.

A long journey was before them, and these adventurers, white and black, united in a common hatred of all things Spanish, would have presented a strange picture to any looker on. But none saw them, as for day after day they wended their way through forests filled with strange and beautiful birds and beasts, at night sleeping in houses of branches and leaves, which the Cimaroons were adepts at making.

At last on the 11th of February 1573, their journey was almost over, and they arrived at the summit of a high hill, where arose a tall tree, in which the Cimaroons had cut steps by which to ascend. They had erected a platform at the top, and Pedro invited Drake to ascend and view the sea he had spoken about.

Drake, only too eager, sprang up the rough steps with alacrity, and in a moment or so was standing on the platform, spell-bound at the sight that met his eyes. Before him in its placid calmness lay the great Pacific, and looking back behind he saw the Atlantic Ocean over which he had sailed from Merry England.

As he was the first Englishman to set eyes upon the great South Sea, the smell of whose waters brought to him memories of its fabled glories, so he vowed he would be the first of English seamen to sail a ship across its bosom ! He but asked heaven one thing, that he might be allowed " to sail once in an English ship in that sea." Drake called up the rest of his company, told them of what he had seen, and his prayer was echoed by every British heart there, John Oxenham, indeed, vowing that, unless Drake beat him from his company, he would follow him thither !

Then leaving the tree, but carrying in his heart the memory of what he had seen, Drake led his men towards the city of Panama. For two days they had to cut their way through the forest, and then they emerged into open country. Now they went carefully, for detection would be easy, and discovery fatal to their project.

Panama at last ! In its harbour the treasure fleet waiting to discharge its burden ! The company lay low during the day, and in the night sent a Cimaron spy into the city to gather information about the gold-laden mule-trains.

He soon returned, full of good news : a train of fourteen mules, eight laden with gold and one with jewels, in charge of the Treasurer of Luna, was to start on its way to Nombre de Dios that very night, and two other trains of fifty mules each were to follow the very next night.

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A move was now made to within a league or so of Venta Cruz; at the junction of the Panama and Nombre de Dios roads, Drake divided his men into two companies each of eight English and fifteen Cimaroons, one company in charge of John Oxenham and the other under his own command. He placed them on either side of the road in such positions as to enable one party to seize the foremost, and the other the hindmost mules. Thus disposed, they waited patiently for the coming of the treasure-laden train.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the tinkling of bells, which they knew to betoken the presence of the mules. Now, the sound came both from Panama and Venta Cruz, and Drake, knowing that whatever came from the latter would not bear treasure, had given orders for no attack to be made on anything coming from that direction.

The mule coming from Venta Cruz bore only a Spanish officer, but one of Drake's men having refreshed himself too often on neat brandy, had become intoxicated to such an extent that his usual bravery was mixed with an unnecessary recklessness. In this maudlin state he mistook the direction of the coming mules, and thinking it to be from Panama, determined to be the first of his fellows to attack. He therefore raised himself out of the long grass in which he lay hidden, and but that a Cimaroon, soberer and clearer-headed, had dragged him down again, would have been upon the Spanish don in less than a second.

But the Cimaroon's quickness had been all too slow: the man had been seen, for the white shirt which the man wore (Drake had ordered these to be drawn over all their other attire, for identification in the fight he anticipated) stood out in the darkness of the night.

The Spaniard's suspicions were aroused, and he put spurs to his mule and galloped away on his journey to Panama, meeting the treasurer and his treasure-train on the way, and telling him of his suspicions. He said he thought that by some miracle, Drake had found his way thither, intent upon securing the treasure. The treasurer not willing to take any risks, kept back his treasure train, and sent on a line of mules with only a couple of loads of silver, the rest of the burden being provisions. He knew that if Drake was there, he would thus be tricked into betraying himself.

Naturally, Drake, ignorant of his man's indiscretion, did not know of this alteration of purpose; therefore when the mule-train from Panama at last came into his midst, he sent forth a shrill call on his whistle, and the whole company, rising as one man, attacked the Spaniards, captured the train, and commenced to ransack it for the treasure they expected to find. Imagine their chargin and mortification on discovering nothing but victuals, and a miserably small amount of silver! The disappointment was intensified when Drake was told, by one of the prisoners, of how he had been fooled and foiled—all through one of his own men getting drunk!

Still, what's done cannot be undone, and Drake had to make the best of a bad job. The worst of it was that now the alarm was given, Panama, and if he did not get there beforehand, Venta Cruz, the only other way back to the coast, would be up in arms against him, and he would be caught in a trap.

Taking time by the forelock, he determined if necessary to fight his way through Venta Cruz rather than return by the tedious way he had come. He received the assurance of Pedro and his followers that they would stand by

him whatever happened, and he then pushed on to Venta Cruz.

They had not proceeded far when the keen-scented Cimaroons located a Spanish troop by the smell of their gun-matches; these gave the alarm, and the English and the natives prepared to hew their way through a whole army if necessary.

Presently the Spaniards, who had now discovered them, challenged them as to who they were.

"Englishmen!" cried Drake fearlessly.

"Then, in the name of the King of Spain, yield!" said the Spanish Captain.

"For the honour of the Queen of England, I must have passage this way," cried Drake, and without more ado discharged his pistol at the Spaniard.

The Spanish troops responded, slightly hurting Drake and a few others, and fatally wounding one other: then when their fire slackened, Drake's whistle rang out, and a volley of English shot, and Cimaroon arrows, poured into the Spanish ranks. Then, with the war cry of old England and the "Yo peho! yo peho!" of the Cimaroons, the allies burst upon the Spaniards, scattered them and pursued them right into Venta Cruz, which they captured, and immediately commenced to ransack for treasure. Drake won the admiration of the Spaniards here, as he had done in other places, by his gentle and courteous treatment of women and children and unarmed men.

Then, having gathered together all the treasure they could find, and knowing it dangerous to stay long in the town for fear of a Spanish force coming from Panama, Drake set out on his journey back to the coast, where he found his other men restored to health, and presently joined forces with a French privateer.

This failure at Panama was Drake's third misfortune and yet he showed no signs of discouragement, but resolved on further attempts. The whole of the Spanish Main was now up in arms against him, but he hesitated not in his determination to make a good haul before returning to England.

He had formed his plans, and proceeded to carry them out. John Oxenham was put in charge of one of the pinnaces, and told to intercept whatever provision-ship came his way—instructions which he carried out to the letter, for he captured a fine frigate laden with more than sufficient victuals for their present needs.

Meanwhile Drake had gone in another direction, intent on raiding the town of Veragua. On the way he fell in with a frigate from Nicaragua, the pilot of which, a Genoese, told him that at Veragua there was a Spanish ship with over a million of gold in her, Drake dismissed the frigate, "somewhat lighter to hasten her journey," and then made direct for Veragua to capture the "million of gold."

But the Spaniards were ready, and as the pinnace came in sight, let fly at it with a full cannonade, and Drake had to register yet another failure.

But the tale of his misfortunes was not yet ended. He had heard of a treasure-train coming from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios. Drake determined to attack it, this time near Nombre de Dios. So boarding the French privateer, and his frigates—the one Oxenham had taken, and another he himself had captured—Drake sailed along the coast till he came to a secluded harbour, where he could safely leave the ships while engaged on this last foray for treasure. Then, manning his pinnaces with twenty of the Frenchmen who had joined him, fifteen Englishmen, and a company of Cimaroons,

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Drake, on 31st March, went to a river near Nombre de Dios, landed the majority of his men, leaving the rest in charge of the pinnaces to await his return with the treasure he meant to capture.

Having landed, the company started on its way towards Nombre de Dios; English, French, and Cimaroons, they made a strange force, and yet all were of one accord and one mind. When within a short distance of the town, they stopped: they had reached the place where Drake meant to intercept the treasure. All night they lay beneath a cloudless sky, listening to the sound of the Spanish carpenters as they worked at the ships which lay in the harbour awaiting their rich consignment.

The morning broke, and with it came the sound of bells borne upon the fresh morning breeze. All knew that it heralded the coming of the treasure-train, and the Cimaroons, faithful yet revengeful savages that they were, assured Drake that he should now have more gold and silver than he would know what to do with!

A fair promise! and yet one that was quickly fulfilled, for within a short time the eyes of the treasure-hunters were gladdened by the sight of three heavily-laden mule-trains, numbering altogether 190 mules, coming along the road towards them. Each train had about fifteen well-armed soldiers to guard it; but what mattered that to these bold piratical mariners? Those 190 mules had on their backs some thirty tons of silver and gold, and whatever the number of Spanish soldiers, the raiders would have it! Drake's whistle sounded shrill above the tinkle of the bells, and in a moment the Spaniards were thrown into dire confusion by a crowd of white and black men who hurled themselves upon them! Those Spaniards fought well, but their assailants fought better, and in a few minutes they

thought it best to leave the mules and their loads of gold and silver to their fate. And Drake had at last, after all his various attempts, succeeded in seizing some of the treasure he sought !

No time was lost in easing some of the mules of their burden. As the Cimaroons had promised, there was too much to carry away, so they buried fifteen tons of silver in the burrows of the land-crabs, under old trees, and some in the bottom of a shallow river—in fact, anywhere they could hide it until they could return for it—and then, each man carrying a load of gold, they started back to the boats. The alarm had been given in Nombre de Dios, and a troop of soldiers came out after them, but finding some of the mules still with their burden intact, hurried them to Nombre de Dios, and having by some means discovered the greater part of the silver that had been hidden, refrained from pursuing the adventurers : probably they had no liking for conflict with such daring fighters !

Drake, all unknowing that his long-sought treasure had been recovered, cheerily made his way to where he had left the boats. Everyone was elated ; not a weary heart was in any one of them ; their burden of gold seemed light. For a while, only, however ! Reaching the river bank, they found their pinnaces had disappeared, and in their place rode seven Spanish pinnaces happily about to weigh anchor for Nombre de Dios. Did ever fate dog a man so persistently as it had dogged Drake ? His one decently successful attempt threatened at the very last to be frustrated !

What had become of the pinnaces ? Had the Spaniards captured them ? What was the use of their treasure after all ? How were they going to get out of this predicament ?

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Drake could not answer some of these questions, but he could one. They were going to get back to their frigates, despite all the Spaniards on the Main! Keeping well hidden among the trees lining the coast, he very quickly had a raft built, made a sail out of an old biscuit sack, and when all was ready called out for volunteers to risk their lives with him in an attempt to reach the frigates, and so obtain help to fetch off the rest. Nearly all of them wanted to go, but taking only three sailors with him he bade the rest farewell until he could return for them, which he assured them nothing nor nobody should prevent his doing.

After a hazardous voyage on their frail craft, sometimes sitting up to the waist in water, at others threatened with capsizing, all the while suffering torture from the blazing sun, they were gladdened by the sight of the pinnaces which they had lost! But, alas, they disappeared in a cove, without having seen the raft! In a little while Drake managed to beach his raft, and leaping ashore, the four sailors ran round to where they knew the boats would strike the shore.

The sailors were naturally alarmed at this sudden appearance of their captain, imagining that these four must be all that was left of the expedition. Drake let them think so for a while, and then joyfully undeceived them, told of their success, and of the plight of the others. Then the pinnaces darted up the river, fetched back the men and the treasure they had struggled to bring away, and within a little time all were safely on board the ships, making merry and dividing the spoils.

A few days later Drake sent a party ashore once more, to endeavour to trace the whereabouts of three Frenchmen who had been lost in the journey from the place of attack, and to bring back the treasure they had hidden.

Only one of the Frenchmen was found, and he said that the other two had been captured by the Spaniards, hanging on to the very last to a great box of jewels, and that the silver had been found and taken to Nombre de Dios by about two thousand Spaniards and negroes who had been sent to dig for it !

Drake now thought he had sufficient treasure to justify returning to England ; but they had not enough food aboard for the long journey across the Atlantic. So he cast about him for a Spanish provision ship. He was in a good mood, and the company shared his joy ; the ships were decorated with silk streamers, and flying the flag of St George, tauntingly sailed by Cartagena, until they fell in with a ship well laden with provisions, captured her, set the men ashore, and took the provisions for themselves.

Then bidding farewell to Pedro and the Cimaroons—giving them permission to go through the ships and take what they wanted—Drake, in his two Spanish frigates (the *Swan* he had scuttled, it will be remembered, and the *Pacha* had become unseaworthy and he had left her “to the Spaniards”), headed for England.

He had been disappointed many times : he had been foiled of his purpose over and over again ; but on the whole he was satisfied with the results of his venture, for he had captured and spoiled some two hundred Spanish frigates—capturing some of them, indeed, twice or thrice. Therefore it was with a light heart and heavily-laden ships that he sailed into Plymouth “on Sunday about sermon time, 19th August 1573. At what time, the news of our Captain’s return did so speedily pass over all the church, and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the preacher.”

CHAPTER XXIV

Drake's Circumnavigation of the World

ALTHOUGH Drake's West Indian voyage had been so successful, and although by it he made for himself a reputation for courage and leadership, yet his return home was at an unpropitious moment. Queen Elizabeth, as is well known, was about this time seeking to put off what proved to be an inevitable war with Spain. She desired peace, and her reception of the news of Drake's enterprise was such that he deemed it best to keep very close. For some years, therefore, he waited until the Queen's attitude should change and he could receive her approval of the voyage he had planned to the South Sea he had seen from the tree-top in Panama.

In the meantime his success had inspired other men to follow in his steps, some having equal success, others suffering misfortune and death. Among the latter was brave John Oxenham, he who had sworn to accompany Drake on his South Sea voyage. In 1575 Oxenham, tired of waiting, made the attempt on his own account. Reaching Darien he had run his ship ashore, hidden his ordnance, built a pinnace and sailed along a river, marching thence until he came to the South Sea, near to Panama. At first he had great success, taking a couple of treasure-ships. But the natives betrayed him to the governor of Panama, and it ended in Oxenham, the first

Englishman to sail a ship on the Golden Sea, being captured and executed at Lima.

At last, after having served the Queen in Ireland, Drake's great opportunity came unsought by him. News had reached England of the capture by the Spaniards of a rich ship belonging to a Sir Thomas Osborne; its treasures had been confiscated, and its crew cast into Spanish prisons to be dealt with by the hated inquisition.

Drake's opinion was taken as to the best way to make reprisals; and in an interview with the Queen he revealed to her his plan for attacking Spain in the Golden Sea. Elizabeth was full of enthusiasm for a while, but she cooled down and hung back, whereupon Drake enlisted the good services of Thomas Doughty, an adventurer who, after a varied career, was now secretary to Hatton, one of the Queen's favourites. Hatton's influence was thus brought to bear upon Elizabeth who in the end reverted to her original intention, and on condition that the whole affair should be kept secret from Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, promised help to the extent of a thousand crowns. But Doughty turned traitor, and revealed the whole plan to Burleigh, who privately did all he could to prevent the expedition setting out.

The preparations went on nevertheless; everybody was eager to have shares in a project which was to sail into the Golden Sea, and very soon six ships, on board the largest of which, the *Pelican*, was Drake, rode at anchor in Plymouth ready to hoist sail. Many on board were ignorant that the fleet was to steer for the Spanish Main and the South Sea, as Alexandria, in Egypt, was given out as the destination.

Doughty and Burleigh had done all they could to

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thwart the adventurers, but having failed, Doughty and his brother John went with the expedition with the intention of obstructing Drake as much as possible.

It was with great satisfaction that Drake paced the deck of the *Pelican* as the fleet left Plymouth on 15th November 1577; he was about to realize the dreams of the last few years, albeit he was to pass through many dangers, both from the elements and from friend and foe. In this hour of triumph, however, he put from him thoughts of danger, from whatever source, and set his face towards the dawning glory. He went in state; he had plate for his table, every piece engraved with his family arms; musicians, skilled in their art, beguiled away the hours of present inaction; while the atmosphere of his cabin was fragrant with perfumes that the Queen had presented to him.

On the 15th of November, as we have said, he had weighed anchor; on the 16th he had to put in at Falmouth, as owing to contrary winds the *Pelican's* main mast had needed to be cut overboard in order to save her from being wrecked off Cornwall. Then he returned to Plymouth, put his ship right, and on 13th December once more set out, making, in accordance with the published report of his destination, for the coast of Africa.

By the time he had reached Cape Blanc he had captured a number of prizes. Drake put in here to take fresh provisions, and also to train his men "to make them fit for all occasions," and then sailed away to Santiago, capturing on the way a Portuguese ship which he placed under the command of Thomas and John Doughty, assisted by Drake's brother Thomas. The prize was laden with wine, silks, spices, etc., and proved a valuable capture.

Drake next made his way to Brava where he intended to take in further provisions and discharge the prisoners he had so far taken. The prisoners were on the last captured prize, and Drake went aboard her to arrange matters. When he arrived there Doughty accused John Drake of pilfering some of the treasure. Drake denied the charge, and in his turn accused Doughty of the same thing. To prove which was right, a search was made, and while nothing was found in Drake's possession, many things to which he had no right were discovered in Doughty's cabin. Francis Drake was madly indignant, and told Doughty that he was endeavouring to incite the men to mutiny, and, with some tremendous oaths, warned him that he would not have it. In the end Doughty was sent on board the *Pelican* where he would be out of temptation, Drake himself sailing in the prize.

That little matter settled, Drake released his prisoners (save only a pilot, Nuno da Silva, who freely placed himself at Drake's disposal), and then made direct for Brazil, which was sighted on 5th April. Coasting along the shore for some distance, Drake put in at Port Desire where he was joined by Doughty, who had been separated during a storm. The master of the ship had an evil report to make regarding the traitor, wherefore Drake took him on board his own vessel where he could keep a sharp eye on him, and where Doughty's conduct was such that at last Drake had him bound to the mast, having exhausted the friendly patience with which he had so far borne with him.

Thus matters went on, Doughty, no matter what was done to him, continuing to thwart Drake's purposes, and when at last, after a troubled and stormy voyage, the fleet reached Port St Julian (where Magellan had had

to wreak vengeance upon his own mutineers so many years before, and where the gibbet upon which he had hanged the ringleaders was still to be seen) Drake felt that it was time to take deliberate action. While the ships were refitting preparatory to undertaking the passage through the Strait, Drake went ashore with a small party of men to view the country; but the Patagonians received them with a flight of arrows, "and drove them to their shifts very narrowly," killing some and wounding others, Drake managing to escape only after a fierce brush with the natives, who chased them to the very water's edge.

Meantime Doughty persisted in his treasonable behaviour, and although his friends drew his attention to the significant sign of Magellan's vengeance, he refused their counsel, and went his own way. Drake, however, had had enough, and, calling a court of inquiry, he had Doughty before it, and accused him of contention and mutiny.

After a searching examination and cross-examination, during which Doughty rashly boasted of having, contrary to the Queen's wish, revealed the secret of the expedition to the Lord Treasurer, a confession which, in Drake's eyes, furnished the worst charge against him. Doughty was condemned to death.

Then came the final scenes; an altar was erected; Doughty and Drake together took the Holy Communion; and afterwards the whole ships' companies partook of a farewell feast, and Doughty was then led to the place of execution. Everything was ready, and, with a final embrace of Drake, the traitor, bearing no animosity against his Admiral, laid his head on the block. As the gory head was held aloft, Drake exclaimed, sadly, "Lo! this is the end of traitors!" He felt deeply

the tragedy he had been compelled to enact, and he now endeavoured to enforce its lessons upon the minds of his men, appealing to them for loyalty, and having won their confidence—if that were necessary—by his bold outspokenness, Drake set sail with his three remaining ships. The prize and the victual ship had been broken up for firewood. On 20th August 1578 the Strait of Magellan was reached. Before entering the Strait and hazarding the attempt to reach the South Sea, Drake changed the name of the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*, in honour of Sir Christopher Hatton, through whose kindly influence the expedition had been made possible. The crest of Hatton was a golden hind—hence the change in name.

On the 21st August they entered the Strait—the first English ships to follow in the wake of the bold Magellan. Huge snow-topped mountains reared their heads on either side of the winding Strait; biting winds blew in their teeth; currents were against them, and altogether the passage was fraught with terrible danger. At last, however, after a fortnight's buffeting with wintry terrors, the three ships passed on to the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. Magellan had found it worthy the name; Drake, on the other hand, found it deserving of a less complimentary appellation, for a fierce storm began to rage, swamped the *Marigold*, separated the *Golden Hind* from the *Elizabeth*, which returned home through the Straits, and left Drake alone on the unknown Golden Sea. The storm drove him southward to Cape Horn, and thus revealed to him the fact that there was another way to the South Sea than through the terrible Strait. It is said that Drake, going ashore, walked to the edge of the furthestmost point, and then, lying full length on the ground, put his arms around the point,

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in token of having been the first to reach the extremity of the great continent.

The storm having abated, Drake turned northward and ran along the coast of Chili, to the Isle of Mocha, where he laid in a store of provisions obtained from the natives. Here he heard from an Indian that a big Spanish ship was lying at anchor at a place called Valparaiso, and he determined to take her. Thus it came about that the *Golden Hind* one day appeared off Valparaiso, and the Spaniards, never dreaming that the incoming vessel could be other than Spanish, beat their drums in welcome and broke a bottle of Chili wine wherewith to drink the newcomers' health.

We may imagine the surprise of the crew on board the *Grand Captain of the South* when the *Golden Hind* cast anchor by their side, and, with never a word of warning, a band of daring rovers, swords in their hands and ugly-looking knives between their teeth, threw themselves upon the deck of the Spanish ship.

"Down you dog! down!" cried old Tom Moore, as he dealt the first blow—a blow from a good old English fist; and in a few minutes the Spaniards were safe below the hatches. All except one, who threw himself overboard, managed to swim ashore, and then, tearing to the town as though pursued by demons, broke in upon his unsuspecting countrymen with the startling news that the mad English were in the South Sea!

The Spaniards took the warning, and fled! These Englishmen, who had by some mysterious means succeeded in finding the way to the Golden Sea, were enemies to be feared, and when Drake landed his men and marched into the port of Valparaiso, and then into the town of Santiago close by, he found no living being,

but a good store of plate, cedar-wood, and wine, which he very soon had taken on board.

Then he returned to the captured ship, released the prisoners, except a pilot whom he retained to take him to Lima and Panama, and, having searched the prize and found her laden with wine and gold and Spanish ducats, worth nearly £100,000, Drake, with his two ships, sailed away, touching at Coquimbo, where he endeavoured to take water, but was frustrated by some five hundred Spanish soldiers. Landing at Tarapaca for the same purpose, they found a Spaniard fast asleep on the shore, and by his side thirteen bars of silver worth about 4000 ducats. Says the narrator of the voyage, "we took the silver, and left the man"—who, doubtless, when he awoke, was somewhat mystified at the disappearance of his treasure!

At another place, when in search of water, they met a Spaniard and an Indian boy in charge of a train of eight llamas, each llama having a load of a hundred pounds weight of fine silver. The Spaniard, convinced that the raiders meant having the silver, took to his heels, and the English took both the treasure and the llamas.

Arica was next, and in the harbour there were found three unguarded ships, with a pretty fair store of silver; the Spaniards, safe in their ignorance of Drake's presence in the South Sea, had left the ships while they had a carouse, no doubt, in the town—which, by the way, Drake would have sacked had his men been more in number and better in health than they were.

The night of 13th February saw them off Lima, having on the way come up with a big ship of which they had received tidings at Arica. The ship was treasureless, however, all the gold and silver having been quickly

hidden on shore by the Spaniards ere Drake could catch up with them. Drake now got rid of all his prizes, setting them in full sail, and heading them unmanned out to sea.

Thus alone he arrived at Lima, and found there a dozen unattended vessels. Not much in the way of treasure was found, simply a chest full of gold coins which Drake soon had taken on board the *Golden Hind*. As has been said, it was night, and the work of ransacking the ships was done as quietly as possible so as to avoid waking the Spaniards on shore. But fate willed otherwise; a vessel from Panama put in, and having no reason to conceal her presence, her lights gave notice of her approach. A boat put off from the shore, and on the way fell in with the *Golden Hind*. A Spaniard hailed her:

“Who, and where from?”

With all haste Drake made one of his prisoners answer that she was the ship of Michael Angelo of Chili, but the questioner clambered aboard—and soon clambered back, for he had found himself looking down a big English gun! The alarm was given, the ship from Panama clapped on all sail, and flew before the wind. Drake sent a pinnace after her, which got a pretty hot reception, and had to return to the ship minus a man. Drake himself now set out after her, having first of all cut all the cables of the ships in the harbour, thus setting them adrift. He very soon caught up with his prey, but found his labour had been in vain for she had nothing on board worth taking.

However, one thing he learned; just before he had arrived in the harbour a huge treasure galleon, the *Cacafuego* (Spitfire), had left Lima on her way to Panama. She was laden to the full with treasure, and Drake determined to have her.

Every inch of canvas was clapped on, and no time was lost ; now and again they took a few ships, rifled them, and let them go, but always asking the question : " Had they seen the treasure-ship ? " Some said yes, others no, and when the *Golden Hind* put in at Païta, it was to learn that the *Cacafuego* had but recently left that place. Drake only stopped at Païta to take a provision ship, and then once more resumed the pursuit. A gold chain was promised to the man who should sight her first, but the eagerness of the men required no such incentive, for there was treasure to be gained, and probably a good fight ! On and on they went, capturing a vessel which they ransacked while she sailed along side the *Golden Hind*—anything to save time !—and at last a man up aloft gave the welcome call, " A sail ! A sail ! "

Unfortunately it was daylight, and Drake had no wish to be compelled to attack the *Cacafuego* while the crew were on the alert ; she was one of the largest and best armed Spanish ships afloat. Therefore, to avoid giving the Spaniards an idea that he was chasing them, he had some wine casks tied to ropes and slung overboard, which very much impeded the progress of the *Golden Hind*. The men on the *Cacafuego* knew nothing of Drake's presence on the bosom of the Pacific, and in the evening hove to for the stranger to come up, expecting her to be a Spanish vessel.

She came up with a rush now, for the wine casks were cut away ; and the Spaniards never had so great a disillusionment, for, in reply to their hail, a rousing English cheer rent the air—and they knew that a foe had found his way into the Golden Sea.

Drake called upon the Spaniards to surrender, but like brave men they refused. Then, although his ship

was not to be compared in size and armament to the *Cacafuego*, Drake attacked her. A shot or two brought her mizzen-mast toppling overboard, and left her becalmed; and then a boarding party was out, and with a rush that nothing could stay, Drake and his men were aboard the Spaniard. It took but a short time to finish the work; for so determined was the attack that in a few minutes the crew of the *Cacafuego* were in confusion, and the captain surrendered, and placed himself at the mercy of the daring rover. And the *Cacafuego* and her treasure were Drake's! Chests of gold, bars of gold, tons of silver and casks of jewels and plate made up the cargo—never had such a treasure fallen into the hands of a rover of the sea! For several days the men were hard at work transferring the treasure to the *Golden Hind*, and when the last piece was safe below the hatches, the *Cacafuego* was cast adrift, and Drake went on his way with as buoyant and happy a crew as ever sailed on board a ship.

He now gave up the idea of sacking Panama; the *Golden Hind* was full to bursting, and to take in much more treasure would put him in danger. He therefore determined to set about getting home to England—not, however, by way of the Strait of Magellan, because of the danger of the sea, and because the Spaniards might be there waiting for him. He therefore intended to seek a way through the continent of America.

Northward, therefore, he sailed, taking provisions at a small town, and disturbing the course of justice by capturing the whole court and holding them as hostages till he got what he wanted: which done he made for the Island of Cano, where he captured a Spanish vessel aboard which he found two pilots and a number of valuable sea charts—the last things Spain could have wished

to fall into the hands of the English! Anyhow, the fates had willed it, and Drake was in possession of information which led him to think of going to the Moluccas, and home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, instead of seeking a way through the continent.

Therefore, after sailing along the coast for some time, past Nicaragua, Mexico, and California, he put in at a small natural harbour near San Francisco to prepare for the journey across the Pacific.

New Albion he named the country, because of the white cliffs along the coast, and for some time lived in regal style, the natives, indeed, so it is said, crowning him king! His work of refitting done, he steered directly across the Pacific, and for a couple of months saw no land. Then after having passed one or two small islands, on 14th November they came to the Moluccas, put in at Ternate, arranged a treaty with its king, and then went to the Celebes where he careened and refitted the ship. Here, when they endeavoured to set sail once more, they ran upon a rock from which they only managed to escape with great difficulty, and at the sacrifice of several tons of spices, etc. Thus they went on, meeting with all sorts of weather, calling at all sorts of islands, until at last they reached and passed the Cape of Good Hope (where for once no storm was raging); thence to Sierra Leone where fresh provisions were taken in, and then, with a favourable breeze, they steered direct for old England, where, after nearly three years of rousing adventure, of successful treasure-hunting, of dangers met and passed, they arrived about September or October of 1580.

The news of his exploits had preceded him, and his friends came aboard to warn him that danger awaited him because of the representations of the Spanish

ambassador. Drake therefore remained on board for some time, sent a messenger to the Queen, and presently received a command to repair to court. He went, taking the precaution to send "specimens" of his treasure in advance, and the result was that the Spanish ambassador received no satisfaction. Drake secretly took his portion of the booty—and the Queen hers!—and Drake became the hero of the day.

England was thrilled with the great doings of "The Master Thief of the Unknown World" as some one dubbed him; the *Golden Hind* was brought round to the Thames and run ashore at Deptford, and there, on board the vessel that had battled with fierce elements, and passed through many dangers, the Queen visited Drake, banqueted on board, and wound up by bidding him "rise, Sir Francis Drake."

Please to
read it again
and again so
you understand what
of it ✓

CHAPTER XXV

Gilbert's and Raleigh's American Settlements

IN 1577 Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of whom we have already heard, indited a new discourse, intending to show "how Her Majesty might annoy the King of Spain by fitting out a fleet of war ships under pretence of a voyage of discovery, and so fall upon the enemy's shipping, destroy his trade in Newfoundland and the West Indies, and possess both Regions." Nothing came of this discourse, but in 1578 Sir Humphrey had conferred upon him "Letters Patent for the inhabiting and planting of our people in America."

His first two attempts were frustrated at the very commencement, and it was not until June 1583 that he set sail and finally got well away with five vessels, viz. : the *Delight*, 120 tons, the admiral of the fleet, carrying Gilbert himself; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh, Gilbert's step-brother); the *Golden Hind*, 40 tons; the *Swallow*; and the *Squirrel*.

On board the ships was a miscellaneous crowd of two hundred and sixty persons: sailors, soldiers, and mechanics, etc., besides a large number of toys, and "music in good variety for the solace of our people, and allurements of the savages."

The expedition was ill-fated from the very commence-

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ment: for some unknown reason Raleigh's barque, the best ship of the lot, returned to Plymouth; and the *Swallow* and *Squirrel* were separated from the remaining vessels. Gilbert proceeded on his way, and after a voyage of varying fortunes arrived at Conception Bay in Newfoundland. Here he was rejoined by the *Swallow* which had managed to make the rendezvous.

The reunited ships held on their way southward until they came to St John's Harbour, where, riding at anchor outside, they found the *Squirrel*, having perforce to remain there because the English merchants in command of a fishing fleet—Newfoundland was a great centre for cod-fishing—would not permit her to enter. Gilbert meant to go in and prepared his men for fighting if such a course should be necessary, dispatching, however, a messenger to assure the merchants of his peaceable intentions, having a commission from the Queen for the enterprise in hand.

Following in the wake of the messenger, Gilbert's fleet headed for the harbour, but on the way the admiral fell foul of a rock, and had it not been for the ready help of the merchants—who apparently did not wish to run counter to Gilbert's desires—she must have been utterly wrecked.

The danger passed, the fleet anchored in the harbour, and Gilbert made arrangements for the supply of provisions by the merchants. Then he went ashore, prospected round about, and decided that he could find no more suitable place for his colony.

On 5th August therefore, he had his tent set up, and gathering together his followers and as many of the merchants as cared to come, in their presence he took possession of St John's harbour and 200 leagues every way in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

Then he made laws for the colony, obedience was promised him, and Gilbert farmed out to the merchants certain pieces of land to dry their fish upon, taking "rent" therefor, and set up the arms of England in token that the land belonged to Elizabeth.

This act of Sir Humphrey's laid the foundation, so to speak, of the English occupation in America, Newfoundland having the honour of being the first colony of our great empire.

The climate they found fairly favourable; the seas and rivers full of fish of various kinds; the land yielded trees of all sorts—those useful for ship-building, others such as cherry and pear trees for the satisfaction of the inner man; while of grass for animals, and divers kinds of animals and birds for human consumption there were plenty. Altogether, there was the prospect of a very prosperous colony. Moreover, silver-bearing ore was found, and Gilbert was importuned to search for a mine which many seemed convinced was near by. Gilbert, however, had the specimen sent abroad, and gave orders that none were to seek the mine, nor speak of what they had found, because, if the French and Portuguese fishers heard aught thereof, it would but result in trouble which Gilbert did not want.

He was to have trouble, though, for while he was engaged in devising ways and means for the profitable working of the colony, his men were misconducting themselves. Some were lying in wait to seize the ship in order to leave the land, and probably embark upon a filibustering career; others were breaking the treaty with the merchants, and were capturing fish-laden ships; while yet more were committing various other kinds of excess. Moreover, death had laid a hand upon many of the colonists, and the company had been so reduced that

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Gilbert felt that if he meant to continue the exploration of the coast, he had better be off at once.

Therefore, leaving the *Swallow* to transport to England the sick and those who were already discouraged with the expedition, Gilbert took his other three ships and set out on his exploration. He himself chose this time to sail in the *Squirrel*, which being small, was useful for getting into harbours, etc., where the larger vessels could not go. Gilbert, unwisely, yet for the good reason that such a show might be needed in case any war-like natives were encountered, over-loaded the *Squirrel* with heavy pieces of ordnance "which afterward was an occasion of their overthrow."

Well provisioned, the three ships left St Johns' on 20th August and pursued a south-westerly course along the coast, in the hope of reaching an island which they understood from a Portuguese fisherman had some years before been stocked with animals. Gilbert thought that to discover this would prove useful for his colony. Gilbert's luck was out, however, for between Newfoundland and Cape St Breton Island, during a thick fog, he ran foul of the flats, and the *Delight* and one hundred men were lost.

Only twelve men escaped from the wreck, and these having trusted themselves to the doubtful safety of a small boat, arrived in Newfoundland, safe but famished, having had no food for six days.

The fog still continued very thick, and Gilbert with his two remaining ships, was hard put to avoid being cast upon the flats as well, and the weather showing no likelihood of clearing up, he resolved to return to England.

The captain of the *Golden Hind* did not want to return, thinking it savoured of cowardice. Gilbert

showed him the folly of running such unnecessary and unprofitable dangers saying :—

“ Be content, we have seen enough, wherewith I am pleased. I will bring you back again in the Spring, if God send us safe home.”

The captain gave in, and on 31st August they shaped their course for England.

They had a good breeze, running before which they made good progress, and on 2nd September Gilbert paid a visit to the *Golden Hind* to have his foot dressed, having hurt it by treading on a nail. The crew entreated him to remain, owing to the dangers attendant upon sailing in such a small over-weighted vessel as the *Squirrel*. Gilbert refused to tarry and went back to his ship, only to return later on “to make merry with the captain, master and company, which was their last meeting.” Then he returned to the *Squirrel*, still against the wishes of his men, saying :

“ I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.”

Everything went well until they arrived off the Azores, when a terrible storm burst upon them. The sea rose in huge waves, breaking ever and anon across the ships, threatening to send them to the bottom every moment.

At one marvellous escape Gilbert was so gratified, that “sitting abaft with a book (apparently the Bible) in his hand” he cried out to the *Golden Hind* as often as the two ships approached one another :

“ We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.”

Longfellow has very beautifully told the story of Sir Humphrey's death, in his well-known poem “Sir Humphrey Gilbert,” of which the following are three verses :—

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Alas! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night,
And never more on sea or shore
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near"
He said "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound
Out of sea mysteriously
The flood of death rose all around.

True enough, for about twelve o'clock on the night of 9th September suddenly the lights on Gilbert's ship went out, and in a moment the angry billows had swept away a brave company, cheered to the very last by their captain's noble faith!

Saddened and downcast by the loss of their Commander the crew of the *Golden Hind* made their way to England, arriving at Falmouth on 22nd September, bearing the sorrowful news of the loss of the man who had attempted, and in part succeeded, in founding the first English colony in the great New World.

After Gilbert's death in 1583, several voyages were made to America, but one of the most important was that undertaken by Captain Philip Amada and Arthur Barlow, at the instigation of Sir Walter Raleigh who had received letters patent from Elizabeth for founding a new colony.

The report brought home by the adventurers was a most glowing one, and the importance of their voyage rests in the fact that it resulted in the founding of the Colony of Virginia—so-called in honour of the Virgin Queen.

Every one was enthusiastic about such a country as had been described to them, and Sir Walter Raleigh soon followed up the first voyage, which had been organized for the purpose of finding a suitable place for a colony, by sending out Sir Richard Grenville with a company of settlers to colonize the place.

The voyage out was enlivened by the taking of Spanish vessels, by a banquet to the Spaniards at Hispaniola, and the interchange of courtesies and various other adventures with which we need not concern ourselves.

Grenville, who was a veritable fire-eater, made himself feared, and if the Spaniards were friendly at some places it was not out of goodwill towards him.

Arriving at his destination, Grenville landed the colonists, placing one Ralph Lane in charge. Having thus executed the commission entrusted to him—besides exceeding his commands by spoiling the natives, and thus arousing their enmity against the white men—he set sail for England.

On the way home he met a Spanish galleon of three hundred tons, laden with treasure. A battle ensued which resulted in Grenville capturing the Spanish vessel. The determined character of Grenville exhibited itself on this occasion in a striking manner. In order to board the Spanish vessel, all his boats having been destroyed, he had a raft put together out of some old chests. Embarking on this he just managed to reach the Spanish vessel and to clamber up her side when the hastily constructed raft fell to pieces.

Thus enriched, Grenville arrived at Plymouth on 18th of October 1585, where he “was courteously received by divers of his worshipful friends.”

Meanwhile, Ralph Lane and his company were busy in their colony. An island whence came great abundance

of pearls was discussed, and an expedition thereto proposed, but never carried out; a copper mine on the main land was heard of and sought for, but while Lane and his men were sailing up a river in search of it the natives turned from friendliness to hostility, and several tribes conspired together to exterminate the colonists. The mine was not discovered, but the plot was, and Ralph managed to put the savages to flight, capturing some. He then returned to the island of Roanoak, where they had provisionally made their home.

Upon his return to Roanoak, Lane found affairs in a pretty muddle: the natives of the island had, with the exception of one old chief, turned against the settlers whom he had left behind. They also spread the report that the travellers had been killed—thus proving, they said, that their God was no use. What the natives proposed to do was to let the island remain untilled, and unsown, and so leave the colonists to starve, seeing they had no corn wherewith to sow. They had commenced to depart when Lane turned up, and caused the natives much consternation, by proving their statements to be untrue. For a while the one friendly chief prevailed upon the others, and the feud was patched up, labour being found for tilling, and for sowing seed; while some tribes from the mainland were induced to promise allegiance to Queen Elizabeth.

Not for long, however, did this continue: their friend died, and with his restraining influence gone, the old hostility broke out, and another native conspiracy was formed to attack the colonists suddenly when they were separated.

As it happened Ralph discovered the plot, and the English got in the first blow, and at the encounter the natives were put to flight, with the loss of several

men. This was on 31st May 1586, and on 1st June Lane and his men rushed the native town, killed the king, and gained a complete victory.

Several days afterwards the English were excited over the appearance of a fleet of twenty-three ships lying off the island, whether friends or foes they knew not. Their doubts were soon put to rest, and they learned that the strange vessels belonged to Francis Drake's squadron.

Drake was returning to England, after his wonderful voyage upon the Spanish Main, and had put in at Virginia. When he learned what straits Lane was in he offered him provisions, and all things necessary for the maintenance of some of the colonists until they should think of returning to England, after having explored the country farther; for their return he lent them a ship and a captain to take them across the Atlantic. Such a generous offer was quickly accepted by the stranded settlers, but no sooner had everything been arranged than a great storm arose, scattered the fleet for awhile, and drove away the ship that had been placed at Lane's disposal.

After the storm had abated, Drake made a new suggestion: seeing that the promised expedition of relief from England had not arrived, he would, if they liked, take them all back home. Lane conferred with his men, found them desirous of going back, had what remained of his goods taken on board, and then the whole fleet set sail for England, arriving at Portsmouth in June 1586.¹

¹ It may be interesting to note here that one of the men who returned, wrote a report in which he mentions that, amongst other things grown in Virginia is a herb called by the inhabitants Uppowoc, and by the Spaniards in the West Indies, *Tobacco*. "The leaves thereof being dried and brought into powder, they used to take the

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The failure of the attempt to colonize Virginia did not discourage Raleigh, who continued to send out expeditions for that purpose. Every one of them was a failure. John White, for instance, was sent out in 1587, with 150 colonists, but White, having to return to England for certain necessities they stood in need of for carrying on the colony, failed, upon arriving back at Virginia, to find the companions he had left behind. Indeed they were never seen again, unless the few men and one girl, who were discovered in Virginia in 1607 by Captain John Smith, were survivors of this last attempt by Sir Walter Raleigh. Where Raleigh had failed, Smith succeeded, and Virginia became a valuable colonial possession of England.

fume or smoke thereof, by sucking it through pipes made of clay, into their stomach and head." It was regarded as precious and acceptable to the gods. "We ourselves," says the narrator, "during the time we were there, used to suck it after their manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof: of which the relation would require a volume by itself."

CHAPTER XXVI

Westward Ho ! once more

FOR some time after his return from his great voyage, Drake remained in England, chafing at the vacillation of Queen Elizabeth. News had reached England that Philip was intent upon the invasion of Britain, and Elizabeth was convinced of the truth of the rumour. Yet despite this, she hesitated to grant Drake permission to venture forth to attempt the destruction of what ships Spain might have ready : first she agreed ; then she turned round and commanded him to remain at home ; and yet, with all her hesitancy at thus proclaiming war upon Philip, it needed but a cowardly outrage upon some English ships, to make her once more change her mind. While Elizabeth was making up, and then changing her mind, Philip was working, collecting his ships together. One day there arrived in England a ship, bringing a pretty tale of treachery. Philip had requested that an English fleet, carrying corn, should disgorge its cargo at his ports, his people being in dire need, owing to a famine. No sooner had the fleet anchored than the ships were boarded, and all of them seized, with the exception of the one that escaped to carry the news of the outrage to England.

Needless to say England was furious at such an abominable proceeding ! Drake was mad, and Elizabeth was

brought to see what it meant—and gave Drake his sailing orders.

Thanking a kindly Providence that had thus paved the way for him, Drake hastily gathered together a fleet of twenty-five ships, and two thousand three hundred men. With him, as vice-admiral, sailed our old friend Sir Martin Frobisher, and a large number of experienced sea-captains. It was the largest equipment Drake had yet had under him, and he was in high spirits when, on 14th September 1585, he gave the order to weigh anchor and made his way to the coast of Spain.

When he arrived there, he found he wanted water and provisions, and in order to get them boldly sailed into Vigo Bay and demanded what he needed. The governor parleyed, and arranged a temporary truce, but in the meantime gathered a company of soldiers together. Drake was equal to him, and captured every boat—some of them carrying much wealth (in all about thirty thousand ducats), which the scared Spaniards were sending away to safety ; Drake's boldness resulted in his being allowed to take in provisions, which having done, he made his way to the Canaries. Here he decided to put in at Palma "to take his pleasure of that place" ; but the currents drove him away, and moreover, he found the inhabitants ready for him, and when he did leave the place it was with more than one Spanish shot lodging in his hulls.

Getting nothing from the Canaries, Drake sailed to the Cape Verde Islands, and on 16th November anchored between the towns of Praya and Santiago. A thousand men were landed and marched to Santiago ; and finding the Spaniards had fled, they took possession of it and resided here for fourteen days ; ransacking the city, but finding nothing of much value.

From Santiago they marched to San Domingo, but this also was deserted, and Drake returned to Santiago.

Before he re-embarked he settled up an old score on behalf of one of the Hawkins family, who had been attacked in much the same manner as himself and John Hawkins had been at San Juan de Ulloa. His revenge took the form of setting fire to the town—part of the damages going to his own account for the atrocious murder of one of his ship-boys.

Then he set sail direct for the West Indies. Barely a couple of days had passed ere the crews were attacked by a sickness that in a few days carried off nearly three hundred men.

At last he reached St Christopher, and having spent Christmas there, determined to swoop down on San Domingo which, being currently reported to be a place of fabulous wealth, he regarded as a very desirable town to capture.

As a precautionary measure, Drake sent an advance-guard to reconnoitre and get into touch with the Maroons who infested the hills above the town, and occasionally swooped down in a fierce attack upon the Spanish dons. He was successful in getting into communication with them, and they assisted him to such an extent, by capturing every Spanish sentry, that Drake was able to land a large number of men about ten miles from the town, all unknown to the Spaniards in San Domingo.

Having landed his men, Drake went back to his ship, brought the whole fleet up in front of San Domingo and proceeded to make a feint of attacking the town from the sea. His plan was to deceive the garrison into thinking he was going to attempt to take the town in this way, thus hoping that all their attention would be turned in his direction. The ruse succeeded admirably :

the Spaniards engaged the fleet, taking no heed of their gates, and the next thing they knew was that both gates were being rushed by some twelve hundred Englishmen ! Christopher Carleill was in charge of the land force, and having divided his men into two companies, each to attack a gate, vowed he would not rest until the two parties met in the market-place. He kept his vow, notwithstanding the fact that the dons showed a brave fight, and laid some of the Englishmen low ; and within a short time San Domingo was in the possession of the raiders, and the flag of St George waved bravely from the flagstaff—its appearance greeted by a rousing broadside from the fleet. When Drake went ashore he found the town too large to guard properly with so small a force as he had, and he ordered barricades to be erected round the market-place, thus turning it into a fort from which he could repel any attacks the scattered Spaniards might feel disposed to make.

For a month the captors occupied the town, ransacking every house but finding comparatively little treasure. San Domingo's reputed wealth was a myth—the cupidity and cruelty of the Spaniards had killed off the negroes, so that the mines could not be worked ; and the town which had been wealthy was almost bare of treasure.

Drake, disappointed at not finding all he sought and expected, dispatched a negro messenger to the Spaniards to open up negotiations for ransoming the town. The Spaniards half killed the negro, who had just strength enough left to make his way back to Drake ere he died. Drake, "greatly impassioned, commanded the Provost Martial to cause a couple of friars (then prisoners) to be carried to the same place where the boy was struck, accompanied with sufficient guard of soldiers, and there presently to be hanged," and then

sent another prisoner to the dons saying: "Until the party who has murdered my servant is delivered to me, I will every day hang two more prisoners!"

The governor took the hint, and sent the offender to Drake, who made the Spanish escort carry out the execution themselves in the sight of the English force.

Next Drake said: "I would have ransom for the town. What do you propose?"

The governor pleaded poverty; "We have naught," said he, "to satisfy you with. We cannot ransom our town, and must place ourselves in your hands, and trust to your noted mercy."

Drake thought he was bluffing, and so started to set fire to the houses; but being built of good stone, they proved a hard job. Still, he did his best (or worst), and in the end the Spaniards agreed to give five-and-twenty thousand ducats (£50,000), and Drake had to be content. He had besides provisioned his ships, taken nearly 250 guns, and destroyed a big fleet lying in the harbour except four large galleons which he retained for use.

It was not a bad coup, but Drake was dissatisfied—and headed for Cartagena. He had been there before, and knew something about the treacherous straits leading into the harbour. He managed to steer his ships through one of them, and landing a large force of men commanded by Captain Carleill, returned with his ships to bombard the town from the harbour. The governor had prepared against the attack, and while Drake was pouring in his broadsides Carleill found his way barred by bands of Spanish soldiers. Carleill, by leading his men through the surf, managed to escape some fighting for a while, but when they came near the town they found a strong barricade erected, and behind it a large force of Spaniards. Nothing daunted,

the English rushed the barricade, pulled it down, and entered into a fierce hand-to-hand encounter : there was a clash of swords against pikes, an exchange of volleys, and the English were chasing the dons towards the town.

Helter-skelter went the Spaniards down the road, and giving them no time to take breath, the raiders pursued them right into the market-place.

Here the Spaniards once more stood their ground ; but it was no use, and although at the corner of every street they had put up barricades they had at last to fly for their lives to the hills, leaving Drake in the possession of the capital of the Spanish Main, having also taken the governor prisoner.

The same procedure was now adopted as at San Domingo ; Cartagena was sacked, a goodly treasure being secured ; also ransom was demanded—Drake asked £100,000, and on its being refused he commenced to fire the town. The inhabitants, who had carried away the best part of their wealth, at last agreed to pay one hundred and ten thousand ducats for the ransom of the town. Thereupon, having received the money, Drake withdrew into a monastery about a quarter of a mile from the town, and to a block-house some distance away. After some parleying he managed to extract a thousand crowns for the monastery, but as the Spaniards vowed they had no more money to ransom the block-house, he blew it heavenward, and after having been six weeks in the town, he boarded his ships and set sail.

Drake had intended to man his pinnaces and sail up the Chagres River, and so make an attack on Panama ; but so much fighting, and the sickness on the way across the Atlantic (it also broke out with disastrous results in Cartagena) had so reduced his company, that he had

to abandon the idea. Resting content with the spoils he had taken, and flushed with his succession of victories, he set out for home. On the way he looked in at a new settlement the Spaniards had made at Florida, rushed the fort, captured some brass guns, and carried away a treasure chest containing £2000.

From Florida he passed along to Virginia, took off Ralph Lane and his colonists, and then sailed for Merry England, arriving at Plymouth on 27th July 1586, where a right royal welcome awaited him, and where he disgorged into English coffers a huge amount of treasure that had been intended for Spain. He had obtained full reparation for the ravaging of the English corn ships, and Devon was proud of him, England was proud of him, and not least of all, Elizabeth was proud of the rover who dared so many dangers for the sake of his Queen and country.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Third Circumnavigation of the World

ON 20th July 1586, a fleet set out from Plymouth on what proved to be the third circumnavigation of the world. It was under the command of Thomas Cavendish, and consisted of three ships: the *Desire*, the *Content*, and the *Hugh Gallant*; the largest, the *Desire*, being only 120 tons, the crews numbering 123. Provisions for two years were carried.

By the 28th July they were off Cape Finisterre, where they met and fought a number of Portuguese ships, but failed to secure any prizes owing to night coming upon them. The 23rd of August found them at Sierra Leone where a force landed, burnt the outlying houses of a native town, but attempting to sack the centre, were repulsed, and compelled to return to the ship before a flight of poisoned arrows. Then the place having become dangerous (one morning the natives had suddenly rushed on a company of men washing their shirts), Cavendish sheared off, and by 31st October had reached Brazil, where the ships were unladen. After a month on land, they sailed for the Straits of Magellan which they entered on 7th December.

Passing along, the voyagers came across the remains of a Spanish town which Philip had three years before

established in the straits with the intention of making it impossible for vessels of any other nation to pass that way into the Golden Sea. The settlement had been a failure, and the place was so desolate that Cavendish named it Port Famine and hastened away.

The fearful journey through the straits was not over until the 24th of February, when they entered the Pacific, being met four days afterwards by a terrific storm which separated the ships, and caused one of them to spring a dangerous leak. Both the storm and the danger passed after three days, and Cavendish sailed away northward, putting in at various places. At Quintero he lost a Spanish prisoner, who jumped on the back of the horse of a fellow-countryman with whom Cavendish was parleying for victuals. Now, the Spaniard had promised to remain faithful to Cavendish, and was indeed acting as interpreter for him. So Cavendish, angry at being betrayed, determined to go inland and find the town towards which the Spaniards had fled.

About sixty men were therefore set ashore and marched inland for some miles. Although they saw signs of Spanish occupation, they failed to find the town, and returned to the ship, narrowly escaping slaughter at the hands of about two hundred horsemen who had come out to meet them, but who had hung back because of the alertness displayed by the English.

The next day, however, while some of the men were taking in water at a pit about a quarter of a mile from the shore, these two hundred horsemen suddenly appeared on the scene, pouring down the hillside, and taking the water-carriers completely by surprise. Still, a gallant fight was put up, and with the aid of some soldiers whom Cavendish sent to their rescue, they

managed to beat the enemy off, killing twenty-four of them, but having a dozen killed or captured themselves.

Leaving this scene of bloodshed, Cavendish continued sailing to the north, and reaching Arica, entered the harbour and cut out a large ship riding at anchor there, despite the firing of the forts. Still, it was labour thrown away, for the ship had not a single ducat, nor bar of silver or gold in her. Cavendish resolved to take the town, but hearing that it had received great reinforcements, in anticipation of his coming, concluded, after all, that it was too risky a venture.

A couple of days later while they were still in the harbour, they espied a ship coming towards the town. The boats were sent out to intercept her, but the Spaniards on shore gave the vessel warning with fires and signals, and the captain turned her away from the town and ran her ashore a couple of miles away hoping to be able to get out her cargo. The boats, however, were there as soon as their prey, and the Spaniards, a certain number of whom were friars, had but just time to leap ashore and scamper away, glad to escape with their lives.

Nothing much was found in the ship, however. Cavendish finding he could not get ransom for the ships he had captured, burned a couple of his prizes, and taking the others with him, sailed away to the northwest. Hardly had they left Arica than they fell in with a dispatch boat on its way from Quintero to Lima with the news of their presence on the coast. The letters of advice never reached Lima, for the Spaniards perceiving they would be captured, threw them overboard, in accordance with a solemn oath they had taken not to let the letters fall into the hands of the English. They could have saved themselves the trouble, for the

information was extracted from them by means of the thumb-screw, and threats of death.

Shortly afterwards, the *Hugh Gallant* being separated from the rest, captured a timber and victual ship (which they had to abandon owing to a leak), and then on the 17th of May rejoined Cavendish, who meantime had taken a couple of richly-laden provision ships, the cargo of one alone being worth £21,000.

On 20th May, they looked in upon Paita, landing about seventy men and rushing the town with such ferocity that the Spanish tore helter-skelter to the hills, leaving the town at the mercy of the raiders. Very little treasure was found, the Spaniards having buried it all, and out of revenge Cavendish burnt the town and what shipping was in the harbour.

Five days later they sunk a 250 ton ship off the Isle of Puna, where they went ashore and visited the home of a native chief, who had married a Spanish wife, and was possessor of great wealth—his wife, apparently, having married him for his money!

The chief and his people had fled, however, with treasure to the sum of 100,000 crowns, and Cavendish got nothing for his trouble except the information from a solitary native he found, that, near at hand was a large body of Spanish soldiers ready for him if he should attack the shipping lying on the other side of the island.

Cavendish later on learned where a part of the chief's treasure was hidden, and soon took what he stood in need of; and then, fearing nothing from any Spaniards who might be about, hauled the *Desire* ashore, and pitched and tarred her to make her seaworthy.

On the morning of 2nd June, a great force of Spaniards and Indians suddenly swooped upon them while the watch had carelessly wandered off in search of food.

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It seems that only about twenty men were ashore, ready for the fight, and these being attacked suddenly were at a disadvantage. A couple of them were killed before they could offer resistance, yet the remaining eighteen kept up a brave fight for an hour and a half, until, overwhelmed by numbers, they were forced to retreat to the water side. There yet once more they turned and faced the enemy, receiving them in such a way that the latter had to retire. Then a boat put off from the ships, and carried away as many of the men as she could; four were left behind, and had to maintain their ground till the boat came back again and took them off. Forty-six Spaniards and Indians bit the dust that day, and Cavendish lost a dozen.

Cavendish now took the offensive, landing seventy men, and attacking the enemy so resolutely that they had to retire in confusion. Then havoc was wrought in the gardens, orchards, and fields; and the shipping, including four new ships that were being built just then, was burnt to the water's edge.

After this, the *Content* was refitted, the *Hugh Gallant* was sunk because Cavendish had not enough men to work her, and the remaining ships left Puna and made for the coast of Mexico.

Passing Darien they continued along the Mexican coast, capturing ship after ship, burning town after town, and reaping a fair harvest of treasure of various kinds; and then after fishing for pearls at Santiago, forcing natives to provision their ships with choice fruits whenever they thought it necessary, and having travelled half-way up the Gulf of California, they passed Cape St Lucas. A prisoner they had captured told them of a great treasure ship, the *St Anna*, about due from the East Indies; so a sharp look out was kept

for her, and one day she was sighted on the horizon, and every heart was aglow with excitement.

No sooner had the man aloft given the cry "A sail! A sail!" than everything was got ready for the encounter, and then after a stern chase of three or four hours, they came near enough to send a whole broadside of large shot hurtling into their prey. Quickly following this up with a volley of small shot, Cavendish got his ships alongside the *St Anna*, and prepared to board. The *St Anna* was ready for him, however, and as his men clambered aboard, the Spaniards greeted them with a shower of javelins, and lances, and huge stones which they hurled upon their heads. It was a warm reception and the boarders had to hustle back, leaving a couple of men dead, and having four or five wounded.

Gathering his strength, Cavendish returned to the attack, raking the Spaniards through and through, killing many a brave man and putting the vessel in great danger. For about six hours the Spanish captain stuck resolutely to his post, and it was only when he saw his defence was hopeless, and that the ship was at the point of sinking, that he pulled down his colours, and sent a flag of truce to Cavendish with a plea for mercy. Cavendish promised them their lives, and asked what treasure they had. It was enough to satisfy the most exacting: one hundred and twenty-two thousand gold pezas and a rich cargo of silks, satins, and spices—in fact something of all the fairy East had to give. Cavendish put back to shore, landed the Spanish prisoners, and transferred the treasure to his own vessels. Unhappily, the division thereof was the occasion of a mutiny, which Cavendish only quelled after a great deal of trouble and skilful management.

It took them about thirteen days properly to settle

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matters, and then the 17th of November being the Queen's birthday, a royal salute was fired, and in the evening they "had many fireworks, and more ordnance discharged, to the great admiration of the Spaniards, for the most part of them had never seen the like before."

Having taken out the treasure he needed, and still leaving five hundred tons of goods in her, Cavendish set fire to the *St Anna*, and parting on friendly terms with the Spanish captain, he set out to cross the Pacific. Hardly had they weighed anchor than the *Content* was missed, and never met with again, and so Cavendish had to sail alone across the Pacific, the *Desire* being the only ship remaining of the three that had left England.

After a long voyage Cavendish reached the Ladrões, where he had a squabble with the natives, and proceeding to make his way to the Philippines, cast anchor off a small island near Manilla, where he discovered that the pilot of the *St Anna*, named Capul, whom he had kept on board, had written a letter which he intended to send by the natives to the governor of the islands. The letter gave information of Cavendish's exploits, and entreated the governor to attack the *Desire* and so get back the pilfered treasure. Cavendish found the letter in the pilot's chest, and the man paid for his treachery with his life, for on 10th January he swung at the yard-arm of the *Desire*.

Cavendish levied a tribute of all the chiefs of the island of Capul, and after proclaiming himself the enemy of Spain, obtained the promise of aid against the Spaniards if he came again. In proof of his friendship for the natives and enmity for the Spaniards, he gave the former back all the tribute. Then Cavendish cruised among the Philippines for several days, chasing Spanish

ships, but capturing none; coming into conflict with Spanish soldiers at Manilla; and, after having sent a message to the governor telling him to collect a good store of gold against his return in a few years, and avowing that the reason he had not raided the island was that he had so small a fighting force, he set sail for Java. Here he made friends with the natives, revictualled his ship, and got into touch with some Portuguese factors, both parties being unfeignedly glad to see each other, England and Portugal at this time being allies, against the King of Spain.

After a short stay Cavendish left Java, and made for the Cape of Good Hope. For more than two months they sailed across the ocean, and on 10th May rounded the stormy headland. Now they headed for England, and, after touching at St Helena, reached Plymouth on 9th September full of rejoicing both at the success of their own voyage, and at the defeat of the Armada, of which they had been told soon after passing the Azores on the way home.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Story of the Spanish Armada

THE story of the coming and defeat of what King Philip proudly called his "Invincible Armada" is one that will for all time thrill the hearts of true Englishmen, and indeed of all who honour bravery and devotion to country. Moreover, it marked an epoch in the history, not only of England, but of the whole world. Had the Armada been "Invincible," who can tell what would have been the effect upon the course of subsequent history? As it was, the Armada was defeated, and England, who previously had been trying her strength in small encounters, now found herself equal with, and indeed superior to the greatest empire of the day. Spain had collected great armaments, but opposed to her superiority of arms and ships was the fierceness, boldness, and strategy of the sea-dogs who had terrorized the Spanish Main, and not for the first time valour was shown to be of more value than numbers. With one crushing blow, the daring English sailors shivered Spain's house of cards, and laid the foundations of England's ultimate maritime supremacy.

King Philip had been long preparing his Armada, but it was hindered from sailing by many considerations, chief among which, perhaps, was the fact that Drake, hearing of the preparations, suddenly slipped away from

England, and made for the coasts of Spain and Portugal, putting in at Cadiz where he ravaged the shipping, and destroyed vessels to the value of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. He had, so he said, "singd the King of Spain's beard," and was amply repaid for his pains by knowing that the Armada must delay sailing until Philip had recovered from the terrific blow he had inflicted.

At last, however, on 19th May 1588 the Armada set sail. It was a most formidable array, composed of some 130 ships, manned by nearly 10,000 sailors and 2088 galley slaves, carrying 20,000 soldiers and some two or three thousand pieces of ordnance.

The fleet was divided into ten divisions, the whole being under the supreme command of Captain-General Don Alonso Perez de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia a man incapable and hesitating, yet compelled by his royal master to persevere in a task he was ill-fitted for and still less inclined to.

Medina's object was to join forces with the Duke of Parma who, with nearly 20,000 men from the Low Countries, was to meet him in the English Channel. The vast adventure was in the nature of a holy crusade, and so sure of victory was King Philip, that numbers of ecclesiasts were taken aboard for the purpose of converting the people after England was won.

Meanwhile, England had received tidings of the departure of the Armada, and the Queen was urged to be ready. She had appointed Lord Howard of Effingham Lord High Admiral, and the royal navy which he commanded consisted of just over thirty vessels, with less than 7000 men. Truly, if England had been compelled to rely upon these alone, she would have been in a pretty bad way. But besides this royal fleet, England boasted

a swarm of ships belonging to private adventurers, who had, to serve their own purposes, fitted them out for the plundering expeditions which were peculiar to the times ; and who, now that England was in danger, loyally placed them at the disposal of Her Majesty. Old John Hawkins had been hard at work on getting the Queen's navy into respectable order, the triumph of his labour being the *Ark Royal*, a ship of 800 tons, upon which Lord Howard hoisted his flag and would not have changed for any other ship in existence.

At Plymouth Howard, with Drake as Vice-admiral, had some eighty ships awaiting the coming of the Armada ; while, between Dover and Calais Lord Henry Seymour lay with about thirty or forty other smaller craft, to keep a sharp eye on the Duke of Parma.

The naval preparations were equalled by those on land : the whole country was roused ; from all parts came men and arms to assist in repelling the foe who dare attempt to set foot on the shores of old England. At Tilbury a " mightie army " encamped, for it was here, rumour had it, that Medina Sidonia and Parma meant to land. One day Her Majesty came to Tilbury in royal splendour and in a stirring speech called upon her men to stand shoulder to shoulder in their defence of home and country.

Meanwhile, the Armada had been advancing towards England, but a terrific gale scattered the ships and compelled Medina Sidonia to put back to Corunna until the fleet could reassemble. All this time Howard and Drake had been lying in wait : the Channel was patrolled, and Drake even put out with a few ships towards Spain with intent to attack the Armada before it entered English seas : but the same gale that drove Sidonia to Corunna forced Drake back

to Plymouth. News seem to have reached Elizabeth that Philip was abandoning the enterprize, for the time being at any rate, and she ordered her naval preparations to cease, an action which called forth vehement protests from Howard and Drake, and when the former could not prevail upon the Queen to advance more money, he paid for stores which were necessary to revictual his ships out of his own pocket.

But at last, on 11th July, *Sidonia* left Corunna and once more set sail towards England.

Then one day men on the quay at Plymouth, looking out into the Channel, saw a little pinnace hastening towards them as fast as the wind would bowl her along. "Who is it?" they asked one another, "who is it?" Away up on the Hoe, so says the story, was a group of men, the flower of England's navy—Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake, and many another, keeping one eye on the sea and another on their game of bowls. At last the pinnace was in, and from her sprang Captain Fleming, who thrusting aside those who would have impeded him, rushed towards the Hoe, and burst upon the players with the cry "The Spaniards are here!"

Yes! that was his news; the Armada had come!

"What say ye?" asked a deep voice, the voice of Francis Drake. "The Spaniards are come? Ah! well, there's plenty of time to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too!"

And the game was finished, the beacon lighted which was to send the momentous tidings flashing round the land, and the admirals went aboard their ships. The morning of 20th July broke, and the fleet was ready for the Spaniards who, coming up with a good south-west wind, passed by Plymouth, sailing towards the Straits of Dover.

The fleet of huge ships was sailing in the form of a great crescent, with horns about seven miles apart, and to any other men it would have been an awe-inspiring spectacle.

Little time was lost by the English, the whole day long they harassed the Armada, not engaging in a definite battle but contenting themselves with attacking the extremities, and cutting off stragglers. In the confusion which this occasioned in the Armada, one of the greatest of the enemy's ships, the *Neuestra Senora del Rosario*, fell foul of one that had been disabled, and was damaged to such an extent that she could not keep up with the fleet, and was cruelly left behind by Sidonia to the mercy of the English. It was Drake who eventually captured her: he had been commanded to show a light on his ship, the *Revenge*, as a guide to the others in the night. For some reason or another he put the light out, and set out after a few stragglers, and after finding them of no account, fell in with the *Rosario*. Drake sent a message calling upon her commander, Don Pedro de Valdez, one of the chief captains of the Armada, to surrender. Valdez, notwithstanding the disabled condition of his ship, refused to do so, unless certain conditions were agreed to.

Drake's reply was to the point:

"Tell him," he said to the messenger, "that Francis Drake has no time to parley. Let him yield himself and he shall find me friendly and tractable: howbeit, if he wants to fight, I am ready!"

Away went the messenger, only to return at once, saying:—

"Valdez is willing to surrender, seeing that he who commands is Sir Francis Drake, whose name and fame are renowned, and who is ever merciful to his prisoners."

The *Rosario* struck her flag, her officers came aboard Drake's ship, and Valdez, after handing his sword to Drake, and humbly kissing his hand, was feasted on board the *Revenge*. The *Rosario* was sent to England where the whole company were retained as prisoners of war.

Meanwhile, Howard had mistaken the light on a Spanish ship for that which ought to have been shown by the *Revenge*, with the result that when day broke he found himself almost alone in the midst of the enemy's fleet; the remainder of the English ships, missing Drake's guiding lantern, having hove to. Howard managed to escape and rejoin his waiting squadron, and succeeded in capturing one of the greatest of the Spanish ships.

Then the chase up Channel began again: Medina Sidonia was intent on keeping on the defensive, but when they arrived off Portland the wind veered round to a point favourable for an attack, and the Spanish Admiral could not resist the temptation. He therefore bore down upon the English, who were in a serious predicament, and would have come off badly had not the wind shifted, and left them free to attack in their turn. Well did they act up to the opportunity, hurling broadside after broadside into the Armada. The Spaniards became incensed at the fatal inactivity that the wind compelled them to maintain, and Sidonia determined not to be tempted to attack again in a body until he had joined Parma.

The encounter had been favourable for the English, for they had not only held their own, but had managed to capture a few prizes. But powder and shot had become scarce and the next day nothing much was done, the fleet being busy taking in a new supply of ammunition. When, however, on the 25th of July the

English fleet came up to the Armada abreast of the Isle of Wight, it had been heavily reinforced, and now numbered about one hundred ships.

Howard now determined to take the offensive, and bring *Sidonia* to action. Gathering his squadron together he sailed merrily into the midst of the Armada and engaged *Sidonia* himself, a fierce interchange of broadsides ensuing. Howard decidedly got the best of it, as sailing at very close quarters each of his ships fired a whole broadside into the *San Martin*, and then owing to their superiority in manoeuvring were able to get away before the Spanish gunners could reload.

Meanwhile Frobisher and Hawkins had been distinguishing themselves, the former in the *Triumph*, having bravely engaged a number of galleasses, and the latter having attacked the *St Anna* of De Recalde, second in command of the Armada, and so riddling her with shots, great and small, that De Recalde had to transfer his flag and abandon the vessel. Then, while some of the English ships endeavoured to secure the disabled ship, *Sidonia* bore down upon them with his whole fleet, confident that at last he could inflict a crushing blow upon his enemy. He had counted his chickens too soon, for the remainder of the English squadrons had been tacking about and around until they had taken up positions which enabled Howard, Drake, and Hawkins to swoop down upon the cumbersome and unwieldy foe from three different points, sending *Sidonia* into such a terrible fright that he gave orders for the whole fleet to hoist sail, and fly before the wind towards France.

A change in the wind favoured this plan, and Howard, thwarted of his intention, busied himself in the lull which ensued in conferring knighthood upon some of the officers

who had shown distinguished bravery, among them being Hawkins, Howard's brother Thomas, and Frobisher.

July 27th saw the Armada anchored off Calais, and Howard came and cast his own anchors overboard within range of the guns, being presently joined by the fleet of thirty ships under Lord Henry Somerset.

Sidonia now dispatched messengers to Parma asking him to join forces at Gravelines, and under cover of the great galleons slip across to the Thames and land his army. But Parma was helpless and hopeless, for the Dutch were blockading him and he found it impossible to break through, and therefore went to Burges to safety.

Howard decided that the time had come to prevent Sidonia reaching Dunkirk, and a conference of the chief captains met on board the *Ark Royal*, and presently some one, maybe Hawkins or Drake, remembering the affair of San Juan de Ulloa, suggested the use of fire ships. It was a bold scheme and the English immediately set about putting it into execution. Eight of the least serviceable ships, one of them said to be Drake's, were hastily disburdened of their valuable stores and effects, filled with gunpowder and any handy combustible, and covered with pitch. Then about two o'clock in the morning of 28th July, the fire ships, driven by wind and tide in the direction of the Armada, suddenly burst in upon the great Spanish ships. To describe the confusion were impossible: anchors were slipped, cables cut, and sails hoisted in an incredibly short time, in the desperate effort to avoid the fiery monsters. Ship collided with ship, and the English hearing the noise of panic, rejoiced at the success of their plan, and prepared to follow it up as soon as daylight should discover to them the state and disposition of the foe.

Morning at last revealed to the anxious sea-dogs the

fact that, although none of the Spanish vessels had caught fire, as they had fondly hoped, yet some were hopelessly stranded; one, the largest of four huge galleasses, had run ashore at Calais. Howard sent a boatload of men to take her and the treasure she was sure to carry. Her commander, Don Hugo de Moncada, and a number of his men offered a brave resistance, but all in vain, for after a fierce fight, Moncada fell dead with a shot in the head, surrounded by the bodies of numbers of his fellows, and the rest realizing the hopelessness of the conflict, gave up the fight, and the galleass and her treasure of 50,000 ducats, etc., fell into the hands of the English.

Drake, meanwhile, had other work on hand. Sidonia had, in the night, managed to get away from the confusion and the fire ships, and with a few other ships had hove-to until day-break. When morning dawned, he found the rest of his scattered Armada flying northward, and no notice being taken of his signals to the fugitive ships to rejoin him, he set sail towards the flying squadron, and off Gravelines managed to get about forty ships into some sort of fighting order. Here Drake came up, and with his small but easily handled ships he dashed in upon the doomed enemy: broadside after broadside was emptied into them, and Sidonia and his officers realized that utter defeat was coming swiftly upon them. Still they fought as brave men, refusing to strike even when to keep on fighting meant death and the foundering of their ships. All day the battle raged, and only ceased when powder and shot had given out. Three of the Spaniards were sunk; in honour be it said, for not one would strike his colours. Indeed, one captain ran his sword through the body of a man whom he caught about to haul down the flag,

and another resolutely gave battle to four or five English vessels when riddled with shots and at the point of sinking. Beside these, some ten or twelve others had been driven ashore.

The English had lost no ships, but many were bored through and through, Drake's *Revenge*, for instance, being pierced forty times. But badly damaged as they were, they had not yet finished with their foe. The bulk of the Armada had even now passed by Dunkirk not daring to stop, and Sidonia hoisted all sail possible and made after them, pursued by Howard and Drake—Seymour being sent back, against his will, to maintain the blockade of Dunkirk.

It was a great chase while it lasted. Sidonia pressed on all sail and endeavoured to get away beyond the ships that came flying over the blue sea, and then a fierce storm arose and scattered his fleet, driving him ever northward. For a couple of days Howard pursued them, and then, powder having once more given out, returned to Harwich leaving the work of destruction to the wind and waves.

Sidonia had now one dominating anxiety, how to get back to Spain? The hazardous route round Scotland was chosen, as safer than attempting to force a way through the fierce Englishmen. Day after day the huge ships of the "Invincible" Armada, pushed through tempest and past dangerous shores: day after day saw many a mighty vessel broken to pieces on rocks, or foundering amidst the terrible storms that raged, till the shores of England, Scotland, and Ireland were strewn with their wreckage. It were harassing to detail the homeward journey: Sidonia was a broken-hearted man; the great Armada was a shattered wreck, only fifty-three ships making their way back to Spain of the one hundred

and thirty that had sailed so gallantly from her ports.

All England rejoiced, and united with the Queen—who for the purpose journeyed to St Paul's—in rendering thanks to Him who had watched over them, and by His winds and waves had aided their efforts to safeguard home and country.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Story of the Revenge

IN 1591, three years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Sir Richard Grenville was placed second in command of a fleet under Lord Thomas Howard. Their orders were to keep a look out for Spanish treasure-ships which might be on their way home from the Azores.

It appears that King Philip had heard of the English squadron, and in fear for the safety of his treasure, had given orders that his West-Indies fleet should not put out to sea until the next year. The long stay in port, however, had rendered the vessels unseaworthy, and in order to save the whole fleet from almost certain destruction by worms, which ate into the hulls and so rotted them, they determined to risk meeting the English. They had conveyed their intention to Philip who, for their protection, was sending a small armada to convey them across the Atlantic, hoping thereby to frustrate any attempt Howard might make to intercept the treasure.

On the 31st of August 1591, while Howard was at Flores, startling news was brought to him by a Captain Middlemore who had heard of the coming armada. He had dallied too long, however, for hardly was the news told than the Spanish fleet appeared.

It came at a very unfortunate moment. Howard's

been allowed, and so enraged was he at being stopped that, had they not deprived him of his sword and locked him in his cabin, he would have taken his own life.

Boatloads of Spaniards now came aboard to take possession of their prize—all of them fearful, however, of what might yet happen! Many of the English shared their fears, for “divers of them, fearing Sir Richard’s disposition, stole away aboard the enemy’s ships.”

Grenville, in his extremity, received a message from the Spanish admiral, requesting him to leave the *Revenge* which by this time was anything but a pleasant and safe place. The decks were strewn with dead and dying; and so battered about was she that had they even attempted to work her—which they did not—she would undoubtedly have sunk. Sir Richard answered that they might do with his body what they would, for he esteemed it not. As he was carried out of the ship he had so nobly defended, he swooned; but recovering, desired the company to pray for him.

Thus, despite his brave stand, Grenville against his own inclination, was compelled to surrender, and two or three days afterwards he breathed his last on board the Spanish ship.

His last words were in keeping with his whole life:

“Here,” said he, “here die I, Sir Richard Grenville, with a joyful quiet mind that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, Queen, religion and honour!”

As for the rest of the survivors, they were dispersed throughout the Spanish ships. While there, some English and Irish sailors, who had aforetime deserted to the Spanish navy, entreated them to throw in their lot with Spain. Needless to say none of the prisoners

could see the advantage of serving the Spanish king, who paid not at all well—the pleaders being evidence enough—but preferred to remain faithful to their own Good Queen Bess.

The end, however, was not yet. A few days after their doubtful victory the armada met the treasure ships they were sent to protect, and proceeded to convoy them across the Atlantic. Before long they were storm-stricken, and out of over one hundred ships, about thirty only reached the coasts of Spain. Of the rest some were captured by Lord Howard's fleet, but the majority were cast away, together with the *Revenge* which they had patched up, intending to take her to Spain as a precious trophy; "thus did they," wrote Sir Walter Raleigh, "honour the burial of the renowned ship, not suffering her to perish alone for the great honour she achieved in her life-time."

CHAPTER XXX

The Last Voyage of Hawkins and Drake

WE now come to the final scenes in the lives of Hawkins and Drake. After the Armada Drake had dashed along the coast of Spain and Portugal, partly sacked Corunna, endeavoured to do the same at Lisbon, and although he failed, succeeded in adding to the already great dread of the Spanish, a work in which for a number of years he was emulated by his friends, Hawkins, Frobisher, Essex, Cumberland, and Cavendish—the latter, as we have seen, being the third man to sail round the world. So great was the dread engendered that the Spaniards began to shiver as soon as a sail appeared on the horizon!

Then came the end so far as Drake and Hawkins were concerned. Once again they went forth to strike terror into Spanish hearts. In 1594 Drake had suggested to the Queen that he ought once more to go to the Spanish Main and seek for treasure, and after a while the Queen's permission was obtained, and Drake and John Hawkins got together a large fleet of twenty-seven ships, sailing from Plymouth on 28th August 1595, reaching the Canaries on 6th September. Casting anchor at Grand Canary, Drake determined to raid the island, but the Spaniards were ready for him and had everything

prepared against an attack ; so finding himself foiled in an attempt to land fourteen hundred men, he set sail for the West Indies. At Martinique, Drake and about six ships were separated from Hawkins and the rest. He made for Dominica, but owing to adverse winds put in at Marie Galante, passing thence to Gaudelope. Here he was rejoined by Hawkins and the remainder of the fleet, except the *Francis*, which had been taken by a large Spanish squadron and sent adrift on the ocean, her crew being made prisoners after a very gallant fight against overwhelming odds.

Shortly afterwards Hawkins, who seems to have been greatly upset by the loss of the *Francis*, and who had been on bad terms with Drake, apparently through difference of policy, was taken ill, and while the fleet was making for Puerto Rico, the place they had set their hearts on taking, he breathed his last, much to the sorrow of all in the expedition. He was a brave man and an able captain, and England owes much to him, albeit his achievements may have been overshadowed to some extent by those of his great kinsman, Drake, who was so soon to follow him on the last long journey.

Hawkins was buried at sea—fit resting place for such an old sea-dog as he—and then Drake began to see about his business at Puerto Rico. The Spaniards, ready for his coming, also commenced operations, letting fly some twenty-eight pound shot, one of which brought down Drake's rigging, and another entered his dining-saloon all unannounced, knocking his stool from under him and killing several of his fellow-diners.

Drake found his position too warm, and sheered off until night. Then the boats were manned, and Drake set off to cut out the shipping in the harbour, and see if he could lay hands on a treasure-ship

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which lay under the shelter of the forts. A great barrier, in the shape of a sunken vessel connected by masts to the forts on either side of the harbour, barred their way, but having succeeded in cutting through it, they fearlessly rowed in among the shipping, right beneath the muzzles of the guns of the forts, which were belching forth death and destruction. The treasure-ship was beyond their grasp, however, and Drake had to be content with setting fire to half a dozen huge frigates, bringing nothing away but a heap of dead and dying.

Drake hung about for a day or two, but finally gave up the idea of capturing the treasure, and sailed away to Rio de la Hacha, where, intent on capturing the town, he landed all his available men. After a fight lasting all day, Drake succeeded in achieving his object, and held the town to ransom. This was the first success of the voyage so far, and he intended to make the best of it.

He reckoned, however, without his host, for the governor refused to consider the matter of ransom, and although Drake warned him to "pay up," he did not succeed in extracting a ducat, and had to content himself with burning the town and neighbouring villages.

The next place was Nombre de Dios where the same ill-luck attended him, both as regards absence of treasure and an attempt to reach Panama, the band of raiders sent thither by him, after some strenuous fighting for every mile they advanced, being compelled to retreat at last with much loss of life.

The end was near now : disappointment had weakened him and fever had its fatal hand upon him, and on 28th January 1596, the heroic soul of the great Sir Francis fled, and the rovers were left bereaved of the beloved

leader whom they would have followed, yea, had followed over and over again, to the very gates of death. They buried him at sea. With bowed heads the men gathered round, the sermon was made, and, followed by the prayers of those who had loved him, Drake's body was consigned to the ocean upon whose bosom he had found fame and fortune and death !

With the remainder of this ill-fated voyage we need not tarry long : men died one after another, and misfortunes followed thick upon them. At length the expedition turned homeward and arrived at Plymouth in May 1596, bringing to their countrymen the sorrowful news of the great bereavement all had suffered, tidings which filled England with heartfelt grief and Spain with rejoicing.

CHAPTER XXXI

Raleigh in Search of El Dorado

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, who, as we have seen, had been ambitious of founding a colony in the New World, now set his mind upon the discovery of Manoa or El Dorado, which travellers from the West reported to lie between the Orinoco and Amazon Rivers, and to be teeming with treasure. Raleigh had managed to displease Elizabeth, and hoped by the discovery of this delectable country, to win back her favour.

On 6th February 1595, therefore, he set sail from England, and by 22nd March he cast anchor off Trinidad, where he tarried some considerable time. For a while he was at peace with the Spaniards there, and learnt much about the land of gold he was seeking, taking care, however, to conceal the fact that he was bound thither. Very soon, however, he came into conflict with Don Antonio de Berreo, the governor, and one day he landed with a body of men, and attacking St Joseph, where the governor had his residence, soon managed to put the Spaniards to flight, capturing de Berreo, and setting fire to the town. The natives, glad to know that there were men who could conquer the cruel dons, soon became friendly, and Raleigh told them of the great and good Queen of England, who was the friend of the oppressed.

His force had now been augmented by a couple of

other ships, making four in all, and he thought it time to be getting on with his business. For a while he sailed along the coast, and then leaving his ships at anchor, in his boats he explored several of the rivers in hope of finding one that would lead to Manoa. He failed in this, however, and went yet farther along the coast, now and then sending small parties up various rivers for the same purpose. The rivers were all too shallow to allow of the ordinary boat, fully laden, passing up them, and Raleigh had to construct a galley which was of sufficient size to take most of the men, and yet not too deep of draught. With this galley, containing sixty men, and accompanied by several boats with a few men each, Raleigh himself rowed into the Bay of Guanipa. Raleigh intended to find the Orinoco, and to help him in this took an Indian who was supposed to know all about the way; but this guide proved useless, for when they entered into a confused and confusing labyrinth of rivers he could not tell them which way to take. The Orinoco, said Raleigh, would doubtless take him to Guiana but how could he reach the Orinoco? The problem was solved shortly afterwards, for when they had rowed up the stream for some days, passing between tree-lined banks, and leaving behind them many a tree-covered island, they chanced upon a native canoe containing three Indians, whom Raleigh himself chased, and eventually managed to overtake, other natives meanwhile anxiously watching from the shore to see what the white strangers would do to their friends.

Raleigh treated them kindly, one of the natives even trusting himself in the strangers' boat. But trouble was at hand, for the pilot and his brother went into the native village, and being accused of bringing strangers into the country, were captured and threatened

with death. Both managed to escape, however, after some terrible experiences, and Raleigh still retaining as hostage the man who had come aboard, found him of much assistance. They now continued up the river for three days, and after having run the galley on a rock and only escaping with great difficulty, they entered as goodly a river as was ever beheld, which was called, says Raleigh, "the Great Amana." Here a fresh difficulty was met; the current set against them so strongly that the men had to exert themselves almost to exhaustion in order to make progress, and Raleigh found it necessary to inform them, although he knew not whether it was true, that the end of their journey was but two or three days off.

But the three days passed and the end was not yet: the current grew stronger, the provisions scarcer, and had it not been that every now and then they could pull ashore to gather fruit, and kill fowl, they would have perished of starvation. As the days passed the men despaired, and it required all the ingenuity of Raleigh, who kept a brave heart all through, to make them persist in their laborious exertions.

Then as food became scarcer than ever, their new pilot assured them that, if Raleigh would go a little out of his way, he could procure him provisions at a native town up one of the tributaries. Raleigh went, but it was night, the way was long, and he began to think the Indian had played them false: in parts the river was so narrow, the foliage so thick and overhanging, that they had to cut their way through with swords; but at last after rowing some forty miles or more, their efforts were rewarded, for they came to the town, and next day returned well laden with provisions.

Once more they set out up the river, foodless many

times, weary always. On one occasion, just when they felt they must give up, they met several Indian canoes, and having captured two of the number, they discovered in them a large store of food. This so encouraged the men that they needed now no urging to proceed, but cried out :—

“ Let us go on ! let us go on ; we care not how long the journey ! ”

Two days later the galley once more ran aground, and was in much danger of being lost ; they managed, however to float her again, by fixing an anchor ashore and pulling “ with main strength ” ; and after another fortnight’s journeying “ discovered afar off the mountain of Guiana, to our great joy,” and in the evening, aided by a north wind, entered the Orinoco.

That night they feasted upon turtles’ eggs and fish, and in the morning, making friends with a certain chief, “ caroused of his wine until they were reasonably pleasant.”

A further pilot, one who apparently knew every inch of the Orinoco, was obtained, and the adventurers set out once more ; finding the wind so favourable that it was comparatively easy to make substantial progress.

One morning, the country round about was explored and found to be the plain of Sayma, reaching away northward to Cumana and Caracas, and then later on a party was sent ashore to seek gold ; while Raleigh himself went “ to view the strange overfalls (waterfalls) of the river Caroli.” The former party seems not to have found gold, but to have brought back a kind of stone like sapphires : “ but whether they be crystal, Bristol diamond, or diamond, I do not yet know,” says Raleigh, who in the meantime had “ seen that wonderful

breach of waters which ran down Caroli," and was filled with amazement and admiration at the sight.

The rainy season was now come, and the river was fast gathering in volume and becoming dangerous, wherefore, Raleigh determined that it was best to give up the idea of reaching Manoa on this journey, and resolved to retrace his course. After collecting sufficient gold-ore as evidence of the wealth of the continent, and leaving a couple of people in charge of a friendly chief, to learn the language, he prepared to return; but before setting out he explored a few other parts of the country, gaining much knowledge of the habits of the people, and being more than ever persuaded that the whole continent was teeming with wealth.

They commenced the descent of the river, and after a stormy passage, they soon reached the Bay of Guanipa, and not finding the ships there, had to get across to Trinidad in their boats. Raleigh then sailed for England, where he told an amazing tale of wealth to be obtained—wealth exceeding that of Mexico or Peru—and countries to be subdued, "the shining glory of whose conquest will eclipse all those so far extended beams of the Spanish nation."

Raleigh did not benefit much as the result of his tedious voyage, especially as he brought back insufficient gold to satisfy the popular demand. He seems, however, to have kept "something up his sleeve" for use if occasion required, for when his Queen died, and he fell into disfavour with James I. and was imprisoned, he managed to spread abroad from the Tower the story of a wonderful gold mine that he had discovered in Guiana. Eventually he was released with a view to commanding an expedition, upon the success of which depended his very life.

The expedition was a failure, and he broke one of the conditions upon which he sailed ; namely, that he should not attack any of the Spanish settlements in the New World.

With Raleigh had sailed Captain Keymis, who was supposed to know the exact site of the gold mine. Raleigh sent him in charge of a party to seek it, but Keymis attacked and destroyed San Thomas, and refusing to show the way to the reputed mine, returned to the ships. Raleigh interviewed him, and shortly afterwards Keymis committed suicide. Raleigh was then compelled to return to England, and tell the story of the disaster, his enemies on board joining with the Spanish king in accusing him of breaking the peace between the two countries. The King of Spain demanded his death, and James, anxious to keep peace, confirmed the sentence which had been hanging over Raleigh's head for some years. Thus Raleigh ended a strange and varied life on the scaffold, his last words being, in reply to some one who suggested that he should lay his head on the block facing the east, "What matter how the head lie, so the heart be right."

It is said that the following lines were composed by him on the night before his execution :

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days :
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Brave and fitting words with which to conclude our story of the dauntless spirits who pushed out into the

unknown with the noble faith expressed in Raleigh's undying words on the threshold of the greater unknown!

There are other worthies who deserve place on our roll of honour, but the stories told are typical of all.

Men of various nations, we honour them alike; their enterprise has perhaps left us no other material world to conquer, but their spirit still moves in the hearts of all who refuse to be turned aside from the path of duty by difficulty or danger.

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